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TIME

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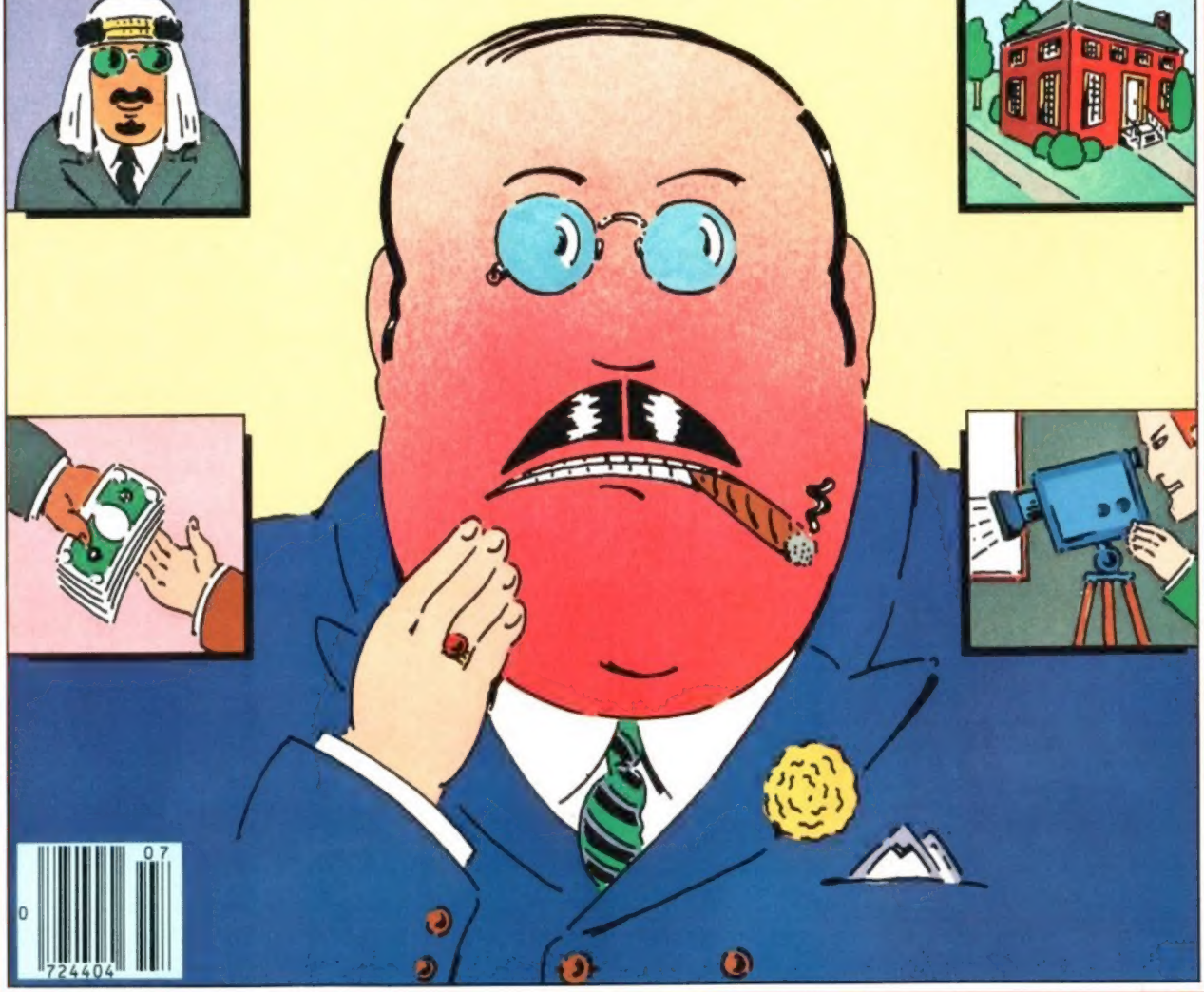

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PONTIAC TAKES ON THE IMPORTS

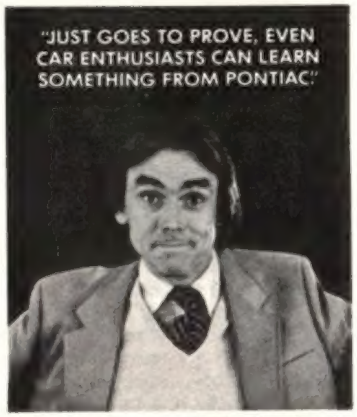
FIREBIRD vs. MAZDA RX 7 "S"

Some car enthusiasts think of Mazda RX 7 "S" as an economical, sporty import. If you're one of them, here's surprising news from Pontiac.

FIREBIRD OFFERS BETTER MILEAGE AND RANGE.

Pontiac Firebird rates 20 *EPA EST. MPG* while Mazda RX 7 "S" offers only 16 *EPA EST. MPG*. Multiply Firebird's 20 *EPA EST. MPG* by its 21 gallon fuel tank, and you'll see Firebird has an estimated range of 420 miles. Mazda RX 7 "S" has a fuel capacity of 14.5 gallons, giving it an estimated range of only 232 miles. Remember: Compare the "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage and range depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Firebird mileage and range lower in California—Mazda's are the same.

Firebirds are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.



FIREBIRD HAS LOWER ANNUAL FUEL COSTS.

According to the fuel economy sticker the government requires on every new car sold in America, Firebird costs $206 less per year for gas than Mazda RX 7 "S." The EPA bases annual fuel costs on each car's "estimated mpg" for 15,000 miles at 90¢ per gallon. However, the annual fuel costs quoted here are based on a more realistic fuel price of $1.10 per gallon.

FIREBIRD HAS A LOWER INITIAL PRICE.

At $6132, Firebird is priced at $1748 less than Mazda RX 7 "S." This base car comparison of manufacturer suggested retail prices includes automatic transmission and dealer prep. Taxes, license and available equipment additional. Destination charges vary by location and affect comparison. Level of standard equipment varies.

Add up what you save on annual fuel costs and base price, and Firebird wins by $1954. See your Pontiac dealer now.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

AND WINS BY $1954!

FEBRUARY 18, 1980 Vol. 115 No. 7 TIME THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

"Alexander Solzhenitsyn was one man who certainly was not surprised by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan last December," says Associate Editor Patricia Blake. "For years he has predicted that country after country would continue to fall victim to Moscow's imperialism." In this period of increasing strain in U.S.-Soviet relations and world condemnation of the Afghanistan invasion, TIME sought the views of Russia's most famous living author. Blake, an acquaintance of Solzhenitsyn's and a scholar, translator and editor of Soviet literature, was an appropriate emissary. The result, which appears in this week's World section: Solzhenitsyn's stern warning to the Western world about the threats posed by Communism.

FRANK WHITE

Associate Editor Blake

Blake is well versed in the views of the man who, she says, "remains, even in exile, the most powerful and resonant voice speaking for the oppressed peoples of the Soviet Union." For several years, Blake has been preparing a biography of the writer, or as she describes it, "a selective history of Russia with Solzhenitsyn as the central figure." Moreover, since joining TIME in 1968, she has turned out more than 50 articles on the novelist, ranging in length from a 1974 cover story on his deportation from the Soviet Union to a 1972 translation of his little known 14-line prayer in verse. She also was greatly responsible for the 1969 publication in TIME of Solzhenitsyn's *The Easter Procession*, a short story that had never previously appeared in English. Blake did not meet her favorite author until 1974, when she interviewed him in Zurich, an early stop in Solzhenitsyn's exile. Recalls Blake: "He was unexpectedly approachable, despite the fact that he was agonized by the ordeal of his expulsion." Invited to revisit the author at his home in Cavendish, Vt., Blake found him "more robust, infinitely more at ease, though he remains profoundly attached to his homeland. Even the 50-acre property on which he spends his days has the distinctive wild look of his beloved Russia."

■ ■ ■

Paul Keating, a freelance photographer whose pictures have appeared in TIME for more than six years—often, and as recently as last week, on this page—died last week at 27. He was fatally shot while going to the aid of a mugging victim on a New York City street, an act that was typical of his generosity. "Paul was a shy, kind and sensitive man," says Picture Editor Arnold Drapkin. "You could give him almost any assignment, but he was particularly good at putting subjects at ease and capturing their distinctive spirit." TIME and its readers have lost a talented photographer and a courageous friend.

John a. Meyer

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Photo by Grant Edwards

"THESE FILES ARE FULL OF CHILDREN CRYING OUT FOR YOUR HELP."

Sally Struthers

"In a room at Christian Children's Fund headquarters, there are file cabinets that look like any other file cabinets. Until you look inside. These files are full of children. Children with no one to care for them.

"Unless someone, like you, will help.

"There are children like little Angela. Her health is poor, but her family can't afford a doctor. And Rapson. He suffers from severe malnutrition. And Sri, who rarely eats anything but rice and corn.

"These poor children have known more suffering and want in their short lifetimes than you or I will ever know. But you can help change that. You can become a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund."

For $15 a month—just 50¢ a day—you can help give one of these children warm, nourishing meals, medical attention, the chance to go to school, or whatever the child needs most to live a healthy, productive life.

You needn't send any money now. First learn more about the child who needs you. Just send in the coupon. Christian Children's Fund will send you a child's photograph and tell you about the child's way of life. The child's age, interests and family background. We'll also tell you how this child can be helped, and give you details on how you can write to him and share a very special part of his life.

After you find out more about the child and Christian Children's Fund, then you can decide if you want to become a sponsor. Simply send in your first monthly check or money order for $15 within 10 days.

Please take this opportunity to open your heart to a child who needs you. And receive something very special in return.

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☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of $15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.
☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of $15.
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Letters

The Big Squeeze

To the Editors:

I would like to know why your cover depicted the paw of the Russian bear caught in a steel trap in Afghanistan [Jan. 28] when it is the U.S. that is behaving like a wounded animal?

Karl M. Rabenold
Blue Bell, Pa.

The Soviet military action in Afghanistan is the response to the inconsistencies of Western powers' policies toward the U.S.S.R. in the past. It is appalling to see that while there is a choice of doing something about it, the Western powers choose to wait until it's too late to act at all.

Janko E. Svarc
Caracas

You say that "many experts believe that Carter's zigzagging policy has confused, irritated and at times infuriated the Soviets," consequently contributing to, even promoting, the Afghanistan invasion. Is it fair to blame the bearer of the olive branch for the escalation of conflicts around the world? The mistake, the act, the crime is the Soviets' aggression.

Michael Brady
Fayetteville, N.C.

Three cheers for Margaret Thatcher and the people of Great Britain, who, in the spirit of Winston Churchill, have come to our side in this hour of challenge to the U.S. and NATO.

John F. Gibbons
Woodland Park, Colo.

Since the Soviets have taken Afghanistan, I think the Americans should just grab Cuba.

Jochen Brecht
Hamburg, West Germany

Whose *Liberté*?

The French Foreign Minister says that "France is not America's farmyard" [Jan. 28] but conveniently forgets that his country was a graveyard for Americans who fought for France's freedom. I guess it all depends on whose *liberté, égalité* and *fraternité* are on the line!

Harriette B. Wagner
Northbrook, Ill.

The Olympics and Politics

So the Soviet authorities have sent the courageous and brilliant Andrei Sakharov to internal exile [Feb. 4]. We are sharply reminded of the Soviets' general policy of clamping down on dissidents in anticipation of the increased presence of Westerners during the Moscow Olympics.

Let those who condemn the mixing of politics with sports take note of what this year's Olympics venue means for the brave souls who dare to speak out against abuse of power in the Soviet Union.

Philip H. Johnstone
Saint-Cyr-l'École, France

The possible measures to prevent U.S. athletes from participation in the 1980 Olympics are supposed to be an act of retaliation against the Soviet Union. In practice, however, it poses a threat to the world athletic movement and every other form of international cooperation. The political aim of such a boycott is to divide that unique fraternity of athletes and subvert all other forms of their international cooperation.

Spartak Beglov
Moscow

Test-Tube Babies

What a foolish statement Biologist Ruth Hubbard made, saying that *in vitro* fertilization reinforces society's notions that women's lives are worthless unless they bear children [Jan. 21]. No one is forcing fertilization on anyone, but now unfertile women have another option. It's quite miraculous.

Marilyn Rosen
Los Angeles

George Meany

In your tribute to George Meany [Jan. 21], you failed to mention his strong and unflinching support for Israel. When conservatives tilted toward the Arabs for oil and liberals became enamored of P.L.O. killers, Meany and the AFL-CIO remained firm. Israel and its friends shall never forget this magnificent man.

Lawrence R. Kates
Oshkosh, Wis.

Goodbye, George Meany. From plumber to labor union president: a classic example of the American Dream.

James B. Boucher
Lafayette, Calif.

Your article about George Meany captured my own sentiments about this noble American. As I walked by his casket, I could not help recalling his courageous position on many issues, especially Viet Nam. For many of us who served in Southeast Asia, he provided a source of comfort and support during moments of national doubt and hesitation.

Charles A. Krohn
Lieut. Colonel, U.S.A.
Falls Church, Va.

Now that George Meany is gone, let America remember him for what he contributed most to our country: inflation.

Stephen Conn
Virginia Beach, Va.

Knocking "Dr. Nick"

I have just finished reading your article on Elvis Presley's physician, "Dr. Nick" [Jan. 28]. I must say that the entire review of the case by a board of medical examiners is nothing short of a farce. The thought of the Tennessee Board of Medical Examiners finding this menace a "valuable member of the medical profession" is terrifying and appalling.

Merrily Riesebeck
Springfield, N.J.

And this is the medical profession that has assumed the right to make life-and-death choices. When are we going to realize that ethical decisions must be confronted by each person in our society? The issues at stake are too important to be monopolized by an elitist group.

Nancy E. Reilly, R.N.
Farmington Hills, Mich.

Penmanship

The nation's penmakers, complaining about Americans' penmanship [Jan. 28], seem to have overlooked an important cause of the problem. Even a reasonably beautiful handwriting can be reduced to uncontrolled scrawl by the penmakers' own device, the ballpoint. John Hancock's controlled cursive would have been simply impossible with a ballpoint pen.

H. Wendell Smith
Marina Del Rey, Calif.

As an attorney, I consider words my most precious and useful tools. When I must prepare a particularly complex brief or sensitive letter, I return to the pen. The hand operates at a slower pace befitting the labored cadences at which most of us make better sense.

Wayne A. Vander Byl
Williamson, N.Y.

The demise of legible hand writing is compensated for by the clear clarity of the typewritten word.

Robert G. Hillman, D.D.S., M.D.
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

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1. Orders must be submitted on the form, below.

2. Please carefully read the terms and conditions of sale, below.

3. Print your name and address clearly.

4. Fill in the number of coins you wish to order from each category in column A, "Number Ordered." Multiply this amount by the price per coin in each category ordered and enter in column B, "Total Price Per Category." Add the amounts in column B and enter the total in block C, "Total Price of Coins Ordered."

5. Sign the order form.

6. Make your check or money order payable to "Treasurer of the United States" and mail it with your order form to: **Carson City Silver Dollars, San Francisco, CA 94170.**

7. Orders must be received by April 8, 1980. Coins will be mailed to successful buyers beginning in March 1980.

8. Additional order forms may be obtained by photocopying the form below, by calling the nearest Federal Information Center (listed under "U.S. Government" in the white pages of your telephone book), or by writing to: **Carson City Silver Dollars, San Francisco, CA 94170.**

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE

1. Orders may not be modified or withdrawn. Orders that do not comply with the terms and conditions of sale will not be considered and will be returned.

2. Coins will be sent by registered mail to the address specified on the order form. Deliveries will be made only to addresses within the United States, its territories and possessions, and to APO and FPO numbers.

3. Coins classified as "uncirculated" have not previously been placed in circulation. No other express or implied warranties are made. Coins may have scratches, nicks, bag marks, and tarnish. All coins are sold on an "as is" basis. No inspections are permitted. All sales are final and no returns or exchanges will be made.

4. The sale begins February 8, 1980, and ends April 8, 1980. Orders received through February 18, 1980, will be consolidated into a single group and will be processed on a random basis until all orders are filled, or until the supply of coins in each category is exhausted. Orders received on February 19, 1980, and each day thereafter, will be processed daily on a random basis until all orders are filled, until the supply of coins in each category is exhausted, or until the sale ends or is canceled.

5. There is no maximum order limit; however, orders for more than 500 coins in one category will be filled with 500 coins when the orders are initially processed. The unfilled portion of these orders will be filled with any coins remaining at the end of the sale in the sequence in which such orders were initially processed.

6. When the supply of coins in a category is not sufficient to fill an order completely, the order will be filled partially. A refund for the balance of the partially filled order will be made. Orders for coins in a sold-out category will be returned upon receipt.

7. Coins in the mixed-years category will be distributed at random. Orders for specific years in the mixed-years category will not be considered. The notice of preestablished bid price contained in each mixed-years coin box is no longer valid.

8. Full payment must accompany the order form, and checks and money orders must be payable in U.S. dollars. Receipt of an order and payment will not constitute an acceptance. Payments will be deposited in the U.S. Treasury for safekeeping only, pending acceptance of the order. Refunds for any overpayments will be made. Orders with insufficient payment will be returned. Payments of unsuccessful offerors will be refunded.

9. The Government reserves the right to reduce the quantity of coins ordered and to cancel the sale.

10. Orders must be received on or before April 8, 1980. Shipment of the coins to successful offerors will begin in March 1980 and be completed in August 1980. Notification will be made to successful and unsuccessful offerors.

11. The Government's liability, in any case where liability of the Government to the offeror has been established, shall not exceed refund of the payment the Government may have received. No lost or damaged coins will be replaced. Claims against the Government, including postal losses, must be submitted in writing by December 31, 1980.

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General Services Administration

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Price includes postage
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The Carson City Dollars
Order Form

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First Initial Middle Initial Last Name

Address _____
Street

_____
City & State Zip

I hereby agree to the terms and conditions of the sale as stated above

Signature _____ Date _____

	Price Per Coin	A. Number Ordered	B. Total Price Per Category
1883-CC	$ 65.00	x _____	= _____.00
1884-CC	$ 60.00	x _____	= _____.00
Mixed Years-CC	$ 45.00	x _____	= _____.00

C. Total Price of Coins Ordered $ _____.00

GSA FORM T-775 (REV. 2-80)

American Scene

In Manhattan: Mink Is No Four-Letter Word

"I'm not sure I love it," a woman says in the petulant monotone of the Total Shopper, her eyes two emerald-rimmed pinpoints inside a huge cloud of cherry fox. She is definitely post-mink. Her personality calls for skunk, or perhaps tree sloth (to match her elaborate false fingernails), but she settles on a coat with pelts worked in next year's pattern, a sort of scallop effect resembling a Queen Anne façade. In case she ever sets foot outdoors, she buys a coyote ski jacket. She seems sorry not to have spent more than $8,000. Her husband, waiting at one of the glass-topped tables along the edge of the room, appears only incidentally interested, knocking the ash off his cigar as he signs the order.

A fur coat cannot be driven or deducted. It is not an investment object, such as a rare book or print. It cannot be insured at true replacement value. It is likely to be stolen if the owner lets it out of her sight. Checkrooms refuse responsibility. Passers-by mutter about cruelty to animals and starving Cambodians.

Why, then, is Michael Forrest, New York furrier, doing $745,000 worth of business during his annual, invitation only, sale to private customers? The reasons offered by the crowd of fiercely concentrating women pirouetting before the mirrors at the end of the showroom sound unconvincing: "It will cost more next year." "I can wear it to the grocery store." "It's young-looking." Also, "sporty" and "basic." (Down coats, by contrast, were rejected because they "make me look like my daughter.")

The objective reporter is there simply to record a scene Toulouse-Lautrec would have loved: all the basic human themes in full display—vanity, lust, decadence, hope, pride, grace, rare flashes of transcendence. Feeling fat, frayed and fortyish, the reporter is placed inside a full-length Black Willow mink coat. She becomes tall, thin, "interesting" (instead of "past her prime") and, best of all, totally invulnerable. The cost is $6,950, marked down from $10,000 by Forrest, retailing for $20,000 and up. Suddenly, $6,950 doesn't seem unreasonable —considering that life is short, etc. Considering too that fur prices have doubled in the past ten years, pushed up by increasing European demand and a 20% increase in sales in the U.S. last year alone. Even so, last year's inventory must be sold to make room for next year's styles. Gone are the classy days of choosing pelts over tea, fitting a canvas pattern. "We need to have coats in stock now," says Forrest. "It's impulse buying."

The impulse may be part of the furless human condition. Actual buying depends on money (full payment before the coat leaves the premises), trust (as in "If Mike says it's good, it is good"), a certain amount of *pro forma* chat about male *vs.* female skins and "this year's shoulders." But when the right coat is produced the transformation of the female customer is immediate and complete. A woman who does not achieve incandescence is wearing the wrong coat—or is just spoiled.

Producing the right coat depends on the amazing psychological cunning of the showroom staff. Customers, stacked like planes over La Guardia, are greeted with cheerful tact. Is it to be "a first piece"? Is it to be "your mink"?—the bread and butter of the business, the keystone, the turning point. Old customers ask for "something interesting." Let's see, you have the fox, the minks, the skunk ski jacket. What about raisin-dyed ribbed beaver (marked down to $3,500 from $4,950)? Or next year's newest fur, Bukhara karakul with a quilted lining?

TED THAI

Salesman with a client facing her future in fur

Endangered species like leopard are out. Even something like lynx, once cheap and a "fun fur," is pushing sable in price because the Canadians have cut their trapping season. Muskrat is too expensive. Nutria is good value. Eighty percent of American skins are now being bought by Europeans. "We can't invent new furs," says Forrest, "so we invent new ways to work with fur"—claret-patterned beaver, parquet mink, puffed sleeves.

"I love it, I love it, thank you," says a blond from Connecticut, who has reached the magic age of "Hmmm, fur, that might be nice." She is transformed. Her husband, dressed for a city Saturday in gray sweater, L.L. Bean boots and a touch of tweed, says: "I've been trying to give her mink for 25 years." A friend is delighted to pick up one of the opossum-lined raincoats marked down $300 and going like hot cakes for $595.

The call of the wild echoes on 7th Avenue. Two trim, tailored, tiny princesses (habitat: Queens) choose two trim, tailored, tiny minks. A roly-poly family with a roly-poly puppy chooses a roly-poly gray squirrel sweater. Whispers and consultations fill every corner. A blond acquires a fox by applied sulking. A woman of a certain age insists on buying the wrong coat, a white mink, despite advice from a Southern redhead in mauve fur who warns, "White mink simply doesn't make a fashion statement any more."

A chic Young Wife decides against a third purchase: "Better not push my luck. I'd rather have a week in Mexico." A flawlessly dressed Hungarian woman stares at a bright sapphire mink, marked down to $5,950 from $8,950. "That's the kind of thing that makes Communism work," she snorts. It also happens to be the kind of thing that makes capitalism work. "America lives in a two-tier economy," explains Forrest. "This year, jewelers are buying, real estate men, people in the tax shelter business. Not many of your average working girls buying—for themselves."

The top tier has as many permutations as the mink. Two men have come in with cash. "We work in a bar, get it? We are paid in cash, we pay in cash —no records. No income taxes. So don't use our names." A sable, priced at $50,000, sells for $110,000 at Neiman-Marcus in Dallas. "In Texas," says Forrest, "the higher the price, the quicker it goes." A whey-faced man is grumbling about his wife's two new coats. Last week, the staff says, he was happier while he bought his girlfriend a mink. A man in construction buys three coats for his wife and daughter. "Why not?" he says. "I've got faith in the economy, and [with emphasis] this time of year I'm nice to a lot of people." A Black Willow mink goes to a working wife. "You can wear it anywhere," she says, masking glee with efficiency. Actually, you can't. Only a natural-born mink would, for example, wear it home on the subway.

— *Jane O'Reilly*

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

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GM

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One car. One heck of a car.

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20 EPA ESTIMATED MPG.

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TIME FEB. 18, 1980

COVER STORY

The FBI Stings Congress

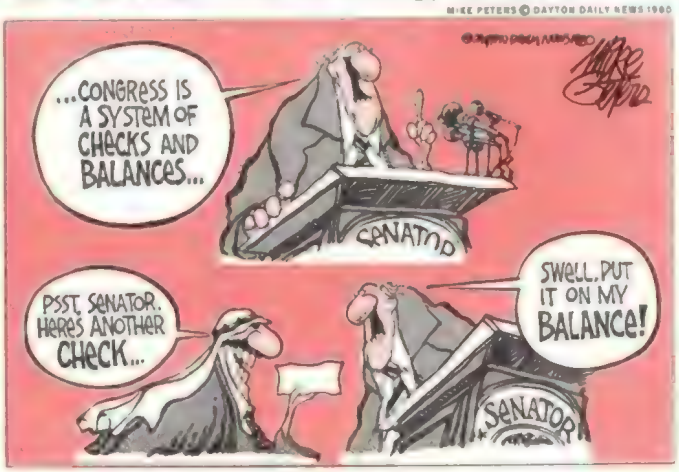
A dismaying scandal—and difficult questions

"Everybody was laughing at what was happening. It was like guys coming out of the bush, saying, 'Hey, give me some of the money.' They'd pay one guy and the next day five guys would be calling them, guys they didn't know. The tapes are hilarious."

So said a former federal prosecutor last week, but on Capitol Hill no one shared the amusement. Too many of "the guys" were members of Congress, and "the tapes" were both video and audio, catching the sight and sound of them accepting money to perform special favors. That, in any case, was the story being leaked by sources within the Department of Justice, which said the FBI had lured the lawmakers into the focus of hidden television cameras in the most sensational undercover operation it had ever conducted.

Dubbed Abscam, for Arab Scam, the 23-month investigation had cost some $800,000 and involved about 100 agents in an elaborate series of hoaxes and disguises. One of these dressed up in a burnoose and posed as a sheik named Kambir Abdul Rahman, whose millions were said to be "burning holes" in a Chase Manhattan account. Other agents in pinstripe suits served as the sheik's American emissaries, translating his gutteral commands and seeking ways to invest his money in New Jersey gambling casinos, East Coast port facilities and an American titanium mine. Along the way, the phony sheik and his aides sought to protect his investments by buying political influence in Congress, in New Jersey's Casino Control Commission, the New Jersey legislature and the Philadelphia city council. When the FBI sting ended, its supervisors alleged that the honey pot of Arab money had attracted one U.S. Senator, seven members of the House and two dozen state and local officials or their corrupt cronies—all stung by facing possible charges of accepting bribes or being caught in an illegal conflict of interest.

Stunned and saddened, leaders of Congress demanded all of the FBI evidence so they could conduct speedy investigations of their own to discipline or clear their accused colleagues. Just as adamantly, Justice Department officials insisted that grand juries must examine the evidence first, decide whom to indict for what, and send any criminal charges to trial. Simultaneous probes would only get in each other's way and make both branches of Government look inept, said Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti, and in the end might let all of the suspects escape punishment. The new scandal was hardly another Watergate, yet the interbranch conflict was hauntingly familiar.



So, too, was the claim by civil libertarians that the investigators had leaked their findings to an overeager press, irreparably damaging the reputations of public officials before anyone had even been formally accused of a crime.

Yet Abscam did introduce a new controversy. Had the much-criticized FBI illegally or unethically enticed the lawmakers into committing crimes they would normally not have considered? "This smacks of a setup," claimed one leading Democrat in Congress. "A lot of guys feel that the FBI has got it in for this place." But why? No legislator could quite explain this "gut feeling" that, as another Congressman contended, the FBI was out "to get us." On the other hand, the agency seemed to have fearlessly bitten the hand that feeds it. The Congress had appropriated about $3 million for FBI undercover operations in the past year, and it now appears that the FBI, in an ironic way, returned some of that money to a few greedy members of Congress. Nevertheless, the "entrapment" issue and the massive and apparently deliberate leaks to the press were all legitimate topics of ethical concern and growing controversy (*see* ESSAY).

One point was not in dispute: the badly battered reputation of Congress, tarnished by numerous recent cases of individual misconduct, had been dealt a major blow. "The institution has been hurt," conceded House Speaker Tip O'Neill. "I'm very disappointed, discouraged and shocked," said Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd. "I'm sick," declared Congressman Robert F. Drinan, who served on the Judiciary Committee that had voted in 1974 to impeach Richard Nixon. The actions of that committee were so impressive that 48% of Americans, according to a Gallup poll at the time, said that they approved of the way Congress was performing. Assaulted by more recent charges, including President Carter's repeated claim that Congress is a captive of special interest groups, the legislature's approval rating fell to a lowly 19% last summer. (Only big business generally ranks lower than Congress.) Until the Abscam evidence is finally evaluated in the courts—and no indictments are anticipated in less than three months—cynics can say that their suspicions have been justified: all too many legislators are heedless of the national interest and also personally corrupt.

The FBI's dramatic undercover attack on white collar crime also left no doubt about a shift in priorities since the death of its first and legendary director, J. Edgar Hoover. Hoover liked to put emphasis on the showy crimes of his youth: bank robberies and kidnaping. In the political area, he concentrated on spies and groups that he considered leftist. He did not at all mind his agents picking up scandal, mostly sexual, about members of Congress; but he filed it away to use as a club over legislators' heads, sometimes even informing the Congressman of what he knew (promising as a favor to keep it quiet). And in undercover work, he relied heavily on paid informants. He did not want his agents to be sullied by posing as other than what they were: clean-cut types in impeccable white shirts.

HARRISON WILLIAMS: "I have no wrongdoing in my background."

FRANK THOMPSON: "I have violated no law, nor have I violated any trust."

JOHN MURTHA: "They didn't offer me any money and I didn't take any."

RICHARD KELLY: "I have not been involved in any criminal activity."

Photographs for TIME by Dennis Brack—Black Star

In the post-Hoover era, Hoover's successors have sought to reform the agency. They banned such routine FBI tactics as illegal break-ins. First Clarence Kelley and then the current director, William Webster, steered the FBI away from such simple federal offenses as bank robbery into the more complex areas of white collar crime. This meant going undercover—and enduring the attacks that such operations can bring. Over the past two years, the FBI has been engaged in nearly 100 separate undercover operations—and with impressive results. Last year, these investigations produced 2,817 arrests, 1,372 convictions and the recovery of $318 million in stolen property.

These operations began with the FBI joining local police in setting up phony fence operations—often in storefronts. There stolen goods were readily purchased, and at the proper time the unsuspecting sellers were stung. The scams ranged from Operation Tarpit in Los Angeles, where the expenditure of $450,000 bought some $42 million in hot goods, with 256 arrests, to Operation Lobster in Boston, where agents recovered 17 huge truckloads of stolen goods that were stuffed with $3 million in loot. As a result, Boston area hijackings dropped from about 50 a year to only two since this sting ended in March.

It was through the recovery of stolen goods that Abscam started. It grew out of a rather routine undercover scheme in the New York area to recover stolen securities and paintings. In return for a favorable recommendation to reduce his sentence, FBI agents persuaded Mel Weinberg, a convicted swindler, to help them get thieves to resell their loot to the FBI's fake fences. The agents used the ruse of claiming to represent a Middle East sheik interested in purchasing the stolen goods.

Informer Weinberg, however, held out a bigger prospect. He named two associates who, he claimed, had arranged shady deals with the mayor of Camden, N.J., Angelo Errichetti. The undercover agents now sought guidance from their superiors on whether to follow Weinberg's leads into the complex field of political corruption. Neil Welch, the FBI's top man in New York City, readily approved. He had long wanted to press harder against white-collar crime. But Welch also needed higher approval, first from Francis M. ("Bud") Mullen Jr., a Washington superior in charge of all FBI investigations into white-collar and organized crime. Finally, Director Webster's approval was needed. In March 1978 both officials gave their go-ahead.

With top level approval and ample funds now available, the FBI scam grew ever more elaborate. A swarthy agent, still unidentified, was picked to play the fictitious sheik, Kambir Abdul Rahman. Variously portrayed as being from Oman, Lebanon or the United Arab Emirates, the impostor set up temporary residence in a 62-ft. yacht that docked in several posh Florida marinas. As the flag vessel of the FBI's secret fleet, the cruiser, seized by customs officials from marijuana smugglers, was first named the *Left Hand* and later the *Corsair*." It gleamed with the predictable varnished parquet decks, teak paneling—and a wide variety of eavesdropping and recording devices. The landlubberly FBI crew who manned it,

Rented house where agents posed as sheik and aides

Tenants put $25,000 into unwanted renovations.

MICHAEL MYERS, via an aide: "Upon advice of counsel, no comment."

RAYMOND LEDERER, via an aide: "We have no statement to make."

JOHN JENRETTE: "At no time did I engage in any improper activities."

JOHN MURPHY: "I am not in violation of any laws."

FBI Director William Webster appearing before Congress

however, promptly blew out one of its engines—and thereafter pretended to be in great fear of punishment from the all-powerful sheik.

At the same time, the FBI provided its sheik with a phony business front called Abdul Enterprises, with offices in an undistinguished modern office building on Long Island. More imaginatively, the agents acquired an expensive two-story colonial brick house in a fashionable area of Washington, D.C. It was rented, for $1,200 a month, from a reporter for the Washington *Post* who had been assigned temporarily to New York City. The agents furnished the first floor with expensive antiques borrowed from the Smithsonian Institution and spent some $25,000 on renovations. These included an elaborate alarm system (to protect the antique furniture, the reporter-landlord was told), new chandeliers, other lighting fixtures, and a false ceiling in the basement—presumably to conceal TV cameras and microphones. On a visit, the reporter found a locked door off the basement recreation room. The key, explained one of the new tenants, had been left at his office. In fact, the room contained television cameras and recording equipment. Neighbors on the quiet street were puzzled by the new tenants. Said one: "We thought it was a bunch of gays—all these good-looking young men, who kept changing."

Other operational sites were lined up: hotel suites at the Hilton Inn and the International Hotel, both at New York's Kennedy International Airport; an elegant suite at Philadelphia's Barclay Hotel; a condominium in the Regency Towers, along the seashore in Ventnor, N.J. For flexibility, another sheik was created. Yasser Habib. He claimed that he might one day have to flee his home country and seek asylum in the U.S. That asylum could be provided if a member of Congress would introduce a private bill, granting him special status to bypass normal immigration procedures. The sheik would, of course, generously reward any legislator willing to sponsor such legislation. (In past years as many as 7,300 private immigration bills had been introduced in the House, and such mere introduction could indefinitely postpone any deportation proceedings against an alien already in the U.S. After this rule was eliminated in 1971, the number of these bills dropped, to 662 last year. Full passage by both chambers of Congress is now required for admission of an alien to the U.S. outside of quotas.)

With the actors and stage sets in place, Abscam went into action. According to Justice Department sources, events unfolded as follows:

The agents sought out their first quarry, Camden Mayor Errichetti, 51, who is also a New Jersey state senator. Errichetti listened attentively as the undercover agents explained that their sheik was interested in investing money in the Camden seaport and might like to open a casino in Atlantic City as well. Television cameras put the scenes on tape as the mayor said he could help the sheik with his investments—for a fee of $400,000. Errichetti accepted $25,000 in cash as a down payment for his services, according to Government sources. To get a casino license, Errichetti said, Kenneth MacDonald, vice chairman of the Casino Control Commission, would need $100,000. When Errichetti and MacDonald later visited the Abdul Enterprises office on Long Island, the two officials picked up a payment of $100,000—an act duly recorded on video tape.

Errichetti soon escalated the level of action. He showed up last March at the *Corsair*, now docked in Delray Beach, Fla., to meet the legendary sheik Kambir Abdul Rahman face to face. This time he had with him New Jersey's four-term Democratic Senator, Harrison ("Pete") Williams, 60. Meeting in the yacht's salon, the visitors spoke to the sheik through an interpreter, a dark-complexioned agent who conveyed their words to the sheik in something approximating Arabic. Nodding and smiling under his burnoose, the sheik, who claimed to speak little English, managed to express his uncomplicated desires: he wanted to invest in land and casinos in Atlantic City, as well as in a U.S. titanium* mine in Virginia. But he was unfamiliar with the ways of politics and finance in the U.S. and needed the help of his experienced guests.

The Senator raised his voice to convey his clear concurrence and told the interpreter: "You tell the sheik I'll do all I can. You tell him I'll deliver my end." The deal that began that day took at least three more meetings over several months to complete. In Manhattan's Pierre Hotel, the sheik's aides agreed to invest $100 million in the titanium mine and to give Williams an undisclosed share of the

Attorney General Civiletti defends Abscam under questioning in the Capitol

Tighter rules, shifting priorities and more undercover operations

*Titanium is a high-strength, lightweight metal especially useful in aircraft construction. Demand for its use has been growing, and it is now in particularly short supply in the U.S. and Great Britain.

mine's stock without charge. At a rendezvous in Arlington, Va., the Senator said he would talk to high officials in Government to seek military contracts to help the mine prosper. As he was about to catch a plane to Europe from Kennedy Airport, Williams accepted the stock certificates. They had been made out to a longtime associate of the Senator's, Alexander Feinberg, a New Jersey lawyer who had endorsed the stock, making it transferable to Williams. According to the Justice Department sources, all of Williams' transactions with the sheik's agents were filmed

The ubiquitous Mayor Errichetti also introduced the sheik's pals to Howard Criden, a relatively obscure Philadelphia lawyer who had made big profits in real estate. When he learned of the sheik's desire to spread his vast wealth, the soft-spoken Criden was far from quiet. He passed the word to four members of Congress, all of whom succumbed to the FBI's sting.

One by one, Congressmen turned up at the FBI's rented house on Washington's W Street, often with Criden at their side, to learn about the largesse of the second FBI sheik, Yasser Habib, the one who was hoping to find asylum in the U.S. Habib welcomed his visitors under lights so bright that the lawmakers squinted. These lights had been installed to facilitate the secret video-taping, but the sheik's aides explained that he kept them bright because he missed the blazing sun of his homeland. To each Congressman, the pitch was the same: the sheik feared trouble from radicals in his homeland and wanted assurance that he could find permanent sanctuary, if needed, in the U.S. He did not, of course, expect anyone to help him for nothing.

To the dismay and, indeed, the later disbelief of his colleagues on Capitol Hill, one of the legislators Criden got interested in the sheik was New Jersey Democrat Frank Thompson, 61, a most admired and respected member of the House. Although Thompson was not photographed picking up any cash, Criden accepted a satchel containing $50,000—and, according to Government sources, he was taped saying he was doing so for the Congressman. Thompson's own words of willingness to help the sheik had been recorded earlier

As a middleman expecting to be generously rewarded for his efforts by the sheik, Criden also brought Pennsylvania Democrat Raymond Lederer, 41, Pennsylvania Democrat Michael Myers, 36, and New York Democrat John Murphy, 53, into Abscam. Myers and Lederer were filmed accepting $50,000 each. Murphy, who has been under investigation by the House Ethics Committee, was more wary. In an almost comic scene, he sparred with Criden over who would pick up the suitcase of bribe money in a Kennedy Airport hotel; Criden lost, and walked out with the cash. Pennsylvania Democrat John Murtha, 47, went to the Washington house at Criden's urging and was taped agreeing to split $50,000 with other Congressmen, but never picked up any money

Middleman Silvestri with souvenir headdress from trip to Persian Gulf

Two Southern Congressmen found their way into the Abscam web through other intermediaries. South Carolina Democrat John W. Jenrette, 43, apparently was tipped off by a businessman-friend, John Stowe of Richmond. According to Government sources, Stowe was filmed accepting $50,000, and Jenrette was recorded later acknowledging receipt of the money. The only Republican tagged so far is Florida Congressman Richard Kelly, 55, one of the House's most erratic legislators. Kelly apparently learned of the available cash from a chain starting with a convicted stock swindler and leading through an accountant and an East Coast mobster, all three of whom had expected to acquire $50,000 each from Sheik Habib. Only Kelly, however, received a delivery. The cameras in the W Street house caught him stuffing $25,000—200 $100 bills and 250 $20 bills—into his suit, coat and pants pockets and asking: "Does it show?"

As greedy politicians at lower levels of government rushed to get their share of Abscam's bribe money, the FBI's operation was getting too complex and expensive. The agents had promised to hand over more money in bribes than they could deliver. At some point the spigot had to be turned off. "We found people climbing all over each other to get some of the action," claimed one FBI official "We were mystified."

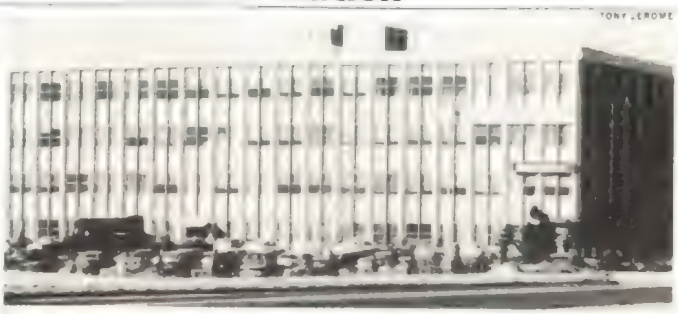
The FBI decided to shut the operation down on Saturday, Feb. 2. The agents knew that a number of news organizations had heard rumors about the sting and were about to break the story. They asked reporters for these organizations to hold off until some 100 agents could complete a rush of windup interviews on that Saturday.

NBC-TV had been dogging the story for two months—setting up two Winnebago vans near the FBI's W Street hideaway, photographing visitors through tinted windows. The crews could not turn

The FBI's *Corsair* at dock in Fort Lauderdale after its sting role was revealed

The sheik spoke little English but his visitors got the money message.

heaters on in their vans because that would fog up the windows. "It was so cold the orange juice froze on a couple of nights," said one benumbed NBC reporter. Neighbors had called police about a suspicious vehicle, but a quick-witted reporter shooed officers away by protesting: "What's the matter with you guys? You're screwing up our investigation." An NBC van was parked near Williams' home in Washington even before the FBI agents came to inform the Senator that he was a subject of investigation. And so the Senator's look of surprise and dismay appeared on prime-time television.



TONY JEROME

Headquarters of phony Abdul Enterprises on Long Island

Can it be considered heroic to turn down a bribe? asked one who did so.

The most detailed early reports were in Long Island's *Newsday* and the New York *Times*, the latter's report apparently based on an internal—and normally secret—Justice Department document called a prosecution memo or "pros-memo." That is a prosecutor's chronological summary of a mass of FBI evidence, and copies are sent to relevant FBI officials. The published details of the Justice Department's information brought howls of protest from Congress and also from the American Civil Liberties Union. Attorney General Civiletti was outraged too; he promised a thorough internal investigation to find the leakers. The flood of pretrial publicity could jeopardize any prosecution the Justice Department tries to bring. But one veteran of such internal Government probes called them "fools' errands."

The leaked prosecution memo later turned out to be unfair in making no distinctions of any type among the potential bribery cases. Civiletti told the Senate Ethics Committee that some of the cases were sure to be prosecuted, while others might require more investigation and a few might prove too weak for indictments. Other Government sources later broke the cases involving the eight members of Congress into similar categories. The evidence was termed strongest against Williams, Jenrette, Kelly, Myers and Lederer; that against Thompson and Murphy was called weaker but still strong. Murtha's case, it was said, might possibly be dropped.

Regardless of the degrees of evidence, most of the accused members of Congress rushed to deny any wrongdoing. A few offered novel defenses. Jenrette said that when he met the Arab impostors, his memory was hazy because he had been drinking. "I was in bad shape," he recalled. "It was a full moon, and I had three drinks. Or I had three drinks and it was a half moon." His wife was somewhat supportive, adding: "Maybe they gave him so much to drink he said 'Oh yeah' to everything they asked. But he didn't come home with the $50,000." A New Jersey state senator, Joseph Maressa, on the other hand, readily admitted

Among the Accused

Of the eight legislators implicated by the Abscam investigation, several have had noteworthy careers:

Richard Kelly, a third-term G.O.P. Congressman from Florida, was once a state circuit judge who was impeached by the state's house for harassing lawyers and fellow judges (the senate subsequently dismissed the charges). Later ordered by the Florida judicial qualifications commission to undergo psychiatric examination, Kelly visited a hospital on his own and earned a clean bill of health. That enabled him, on entering the House in 1975, to claim: "I'm the only member certified to be sane."

In Congress, he has forcefully attacked labor unions and bureaucrats while opposing aid to New York City. So staunch a champion of fiscal responsibility is Kelly that he refused in 1976 to pocket a congressional pay raise and donated the more than $1,000 to churches and the U.S. Treasury. He and his fourth wife, Judy, 28, his former secretary, whom he married in 1978, live relatively frugally, but Kelly managed to spend about $12,000 more for his office account last year than the $290,000 allowed him; he had to get a bank loan to pay back the amount.

John Murphy, a New York Democrat who has represented a Staten Island district for 17 years, is an honors graduate from West Point and a veteran of World War II and Korea, where he won the Distinguished Service Cross, Bronze Star, Purple Heart and six battle stars. He is also no stranger to charges of corruption. He has been accused of using his powerful chairmanship of the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee to solicit political contributions. The House Ethics Committee and the Justice Department have been separately investigating Murphy for failing to register as a lobbyist for foreign interests. House Ethics Committee staffers claim to have proof that Murphy accepted money from the Iranians for favors under the regime of the deposed Shah. Murphy keeps in his office desk a device that tells whether a visitor is wired to record him.

Frank ("Thompy") **Thompson,** witty, irreverent, profane, debonair, has been sent to Congress by his New Jersey constituents since 1954. On Capitol Hill, he soon became an intimate of the Kennedys and a hero to organized labor. He co-founded the liberal Democratic Study Group and, as chairman of the House Subcommitee on Labor-Management Relations, has pushed for federal financing of jobs for urban youths. He also helped create the National Endowment for the Arts. Though he took campaign contributions from the South Korean lobbyist Tongsun Park, Thompson has been regarded by his fellow Congressmen as an honest politician. In fact, he enthusiastically advocated public financing of election campaigns. "The House," he said not long ago, "needs to be taken off the auction block."

Harrison ("Pete") **Williams,** has been a Democratic Senator from New Jersey for 21 years and one of the state's biggest vote getters. In that time he has faithfully and consistently backed organized labor. Aid to mass transit has been another favorite Williams cause. But for all his seniority (he chairs the important Labor and Human Resources Committee), the New Jerseyite is widely regarded as a weak Senator. He is shy and occasionally self-effacing. His colleagues—and the voters—respect his having defeated a serious drinking problem and talking publicly about it.

Questions about Williams' finances have been raised before Abscam. During his 1976 senatorial campaign, he was criticized for accepting some $28,000 from the banking and securities industries just before a Senate vote on securities legislation. Some observers feel that Williams, who has bought a Georgetown house valued at nearly $375,000, might be living beyond his means. Just last month he let it be known that he was thinking of running for Governor.

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For 1980, Mercedes-Benz builds 3 Diesel sedans, a Diesel station wagon and a Diesel coupe, 3 different Diesel engines and 2 transmissions—and no other car maker does. Such choice is only one benefit of a Diesel tradition 44 years long, and growing timelier by the day.

Take your time as you carefully examine the unique line of Mercedes-Benz Diesels. Should it be the extraordinarily efficient four-cylinder 240 D Sedan? Or is the potent five-cylinder 300 D Sedan more to your liking? Many minds and hearts have been captured by the charm and utility of the 300 TD Station Wagon. Those with a taste for the exclusive are much taken with the limited edition 300 CD Coupe. And in a class by itself is the turbocharged performance Diesel—the 300 SD.

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More power for 1980

Note that those dividends are enriched for 1980. New pistons, new camshafts and improved precombustion chamber design—fitted to various engines—help give the five Mercedes-Benz Diesels a strong *performance* boost, without spoiling their famous fuel efficiency.

For 1980, even cold weather performance is improved. An ingenious "pin-type" start device can get a cold engine going—even on a 32°F day—in five to seven seconds, and at 5°F, in about eleven seconds. With this timely advance, Diesel cold-weather starting pains should now be a thing of the past.

Economy a thing of the present

The 1980 Mercedes-Benz 240 D Sedan is a solid 1.5-ton automobile that happens to outperform every other compact, mid-size and large car on the road today in fuel mileage as listed in the official EPA fuel economy information for 1980, published Sept. 7, 1979. Figures for every Mercedes-Benz Diesel, in fact, may seem almost too good to be true for such capable, civilized automobiles. But the fuel estimates below suggest that a car needn't be undersized or underpowered to deliver heart-warming fuel economy. It simply needs to be efficiently engineered.

1980 EPA fuel economy estimates

Model	EPA est.:		Highway est.:	
	mpg	range	mpg	range
240 D (Man)	28	481	34	584
240 D (Auto)	26	447	29	498
300 D	23	485	28	590
300 CD	23	485	28	590
300 TD	23	425	28	518
300 SD	21	520	32	694

Compare this to other cars. Your mileage and range may differ depending on speed, weather and trip length. Your actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than the highway estimates. California estimates vary.

Efficient performance

Each Mercedes-Benz Diesel for 1980 comes fitted with technical features that stamp it more as a performance than a mere economy car: fully independent suspension, for instance. Four-wheel disc brakes. Front and rear anti-sway bars. Gas-pressurized shock absorbers. Recirculating-ball steering.

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It is also a safety-conscious car. There are 120 safety features between you and the road, every one standard equipment—whether Federal law requires them or not.

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With every new Mercedes-Benz comes a dual commitment: to provide unparalleled engineering in its cars and to provide unparalleled service—through the unstinting efforts of over 400 authorized Mercedes-Benz dealers across the United States.

Last but not least

When you think about the Mercedes-Benz Diesel for 1980, you might do well to think ahead to 1983 and consider: historically, a three-year-old Mercedes-Benz Diesel has been shown to retain nearly 80% of its value. A resale performance no domestic luxury car can even approach.

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De Beers.

taking $10,000 in what he called "legal fees" and added: "It was like the *Arabian Nights*, the Ali Baba situation. The portrait that was painted was so convincing. It almost became patriotic to take their money. You know, let's take some of that OPEC oil money. It's our tax dollars."

The most disingenuous denial was given by Congressman Kelly to NBC's David Brinkley in a televised interview. Kelly agreed that he had stuffed the money into his pockets, all right, explaining: "Ten thousand dollars in new hundred-dollar bills is little more than a half-inch thick." He said he put all of the cash, $25,000, into the glove compartment of his car. Then he placed it in a file cabinet in his office and spent $174 for small purchases like lunches. Finally, he gave all the rest back to the FBI. But why had he taken the money in the first place? The Congressman said he had done so as part of his own "investigation" of "the gangsters and gunmen" he had met in the W Street house who obviously were doing something "crooked." He said of the FBI investigators: "When they blew the cover on their case, they blew the cover on mine."

News of the FBI's ploy inspired several other politicians to proclaim that they had been enticed into the lawmen's game but had refused to play. Most of these had been approached by Joseph Silvestri, a New Jersey real estate dealer whose pushy tactics aroused the suspicions of some of his intended clients, including three New Jersey Congressmen.

Among his other maneuvers, Silvestri told a wealthy socialite in Washington that, as he apparently believed, the sheik in the Washington house would be willing to contribute to political campaigns. Quite innocently, it seems, she passed the word to South Dakota Senator Larry Pressler, whose forlorn try for the Republican presidential nomination was then still alive but in need of cash. Silvestri drove Pressler to the sheik's house, where the candidate assumed he was to meet some men who had formed a legal political action committee. But when Pressler asked about their PAC, he was astounded by a counterquestion: "What's a PAC?" When they offered to donate money anyway, Pressler backed off, saying "Wait a minute, what you are suggesting may be illegal." Pressler quickly rejected any idea of a donation and walked out of the house. Later, FBI Director Webster called the Senator to say he had performed "beautifully" on the FBI's video tape. Commented Pressler: "I find it somewhat repulsive that I'm on tape, but now I'm called a hero. It's a sad state of affairs when it's heroic to turn down a potential bribery situation."

The fallout from Abscam was indeed a serious matter. Along with the further erosion of public confidence in Congress, opponents of legalized casino gambling felt vindicated in their long-held cynicism about the ability of public officials to keep such high-stakes operations honest. Not only had one member of the New Jersey casino control commission

THOMAS C. GRAVES

Camden, N.J., Mayor Angelo Errichetti led the way to others

"Climbing all over each other to get some of the action."

Rogues' Gallery

"A Congressman is a hog!" Henry Adams once wrote of the legislators of the Gilded Age. "You must take a stick and hit him on the snout!" Less dyspeptic observers argue that most legislators are honest and dedicated, but the record of the past few years has not been entirely reassuring:

February 1976. Representative Andrew Hinshaw, 56, California Republican, was sentenced to one to 14 years in jail for soliciting and accepting bribes during his 1972 election campaign.

May-September 1976. Representative Wayne Hays, 68, Ohio Democrat and chairman of the House Administration Committee, was investigated by the House Ethics Committee and the Justice Department on charges of financial improprieties as well as keeping his mistress, Elizabeth Ray, on his official payroll. He resigned in September 1976.

June 1976. Representative Henry Helstoski, 54, New Jersey Democrat, was indicted for taking bribes from Chilean and Argentine aliens to introduce bills blocking their deportation.

July 1976. Representative Robert Sikes, 73, Florida Democrat, was reprimanded by his colleagues for "financial misconduct" involving conflict of interest.

December 1976. Representative James Hastings, 53, New York Republican, was convicted and later sentenced to up to five years for taking kickbacks from congressional employees.

August 1977. Tongsun Park, a Korean businessman, was indicted for bribery and later testified that he had made payoffs to 31 legislators. Eighteen-month congressional investigations of "Koreagate" led to little action. The only man actually imprisoned was former Congressman Richard Hanna, 65, California Democrat, who was sentenced to a 2½-year prison term. Otto Passman, 79, Louisiana Democrat, was brought to trial but acquitted. Charles H. Wilson, John McFall and Edward Roybal, all California Democrats, were reprimanded by the House, but Wilson and Roybal are still there.

September-October 1978. Representative Daniel Flood, 76, Pennsylvania Democrat, was indicted for taking more than $50,000 in bribes. His trial ended in a hung jury. Flood, who has suffered a variety of illnesses, resigned his seat. A federal judge last week ruled him mentally competent to face retrial later this month.

October 1978. Representative Joshua Eilberg, 59, Pennsylvania Democrat, was indicted for receiving illegal compensation. He lost his re-election race that fall and changed his plea to guilty at his February 1979 trial. He got a $10,000 fine and five years' probation.

November 1978. Representative Charles Diggs Jr., 57, Michigan Democrat and founder and former chairman of the Black Caucus, was sentenced to up to three years for taking more than $60,000 in kickbacks from his employees. He was re-elected that same year.

October 1979. Senator Herman Talmadge, 66, influential Georgia Democrat, was officially "denounced" by the Senate for misappropriating office funds and campaign donations for personal use. A federal grand jury is still investigating.

apparently been caught taking a $100,000 bribe to help the FBI's sheik get a casino license, but the FBI promptly notified the four remaining members that it wanted to interview them too about just how free the commission is from criminal influence.

The Abscam tapes allegedly also record Senator Williams boasting that he had used his influence with the commission to save one group of hotel developers $3 million, apparently by getting the commission's approval to renovate rather than rebuild a structure housing its casino. The company Williams had helped had employed his wife Jeanette, first as a director, then a consultant, paying her $18,000 a year. At the same time, Mrs. Williams served full-time at a $33,000 salary on the staff of the Senate Labor Committee, of which the Senator is chairman.

The events in Abscam's aftermath will certainly stretch out for months, probably even years. First the relevant Justice Department prosecutors must decide just which of the roughly 30 cases to pursue by seeking grand jury indictments. The department's plan seems to be to split up the cases, rather than consolidate them, and then present evidence to grand juries in New York, Philadelphia, New Jersey and Washington, D.C. Any trials of indicted officials would be months away—and there could be lengthy legal clashes over the admissibility, for example, of the FBI's video tapes.

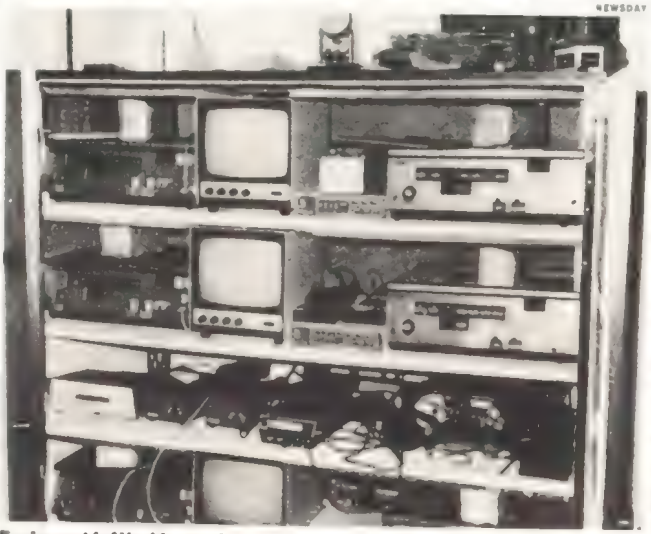
Meanwhile, committees in both the Senate and the House may well continue to demand that the evidence against the members of Congress be yielded by the Justice Department. There is not much likelihood that they will succeed—and without such cooperation they have little or no case against their suspect members.

Actually, some of the Abscam victims might prefer to be judged by their colleagues in Congress rather than by criminal trial juries. Declares Leon Jaworski, who has been on both sides of such interbranch conflicts, as special Watergate prosecutor and special counsel to a House committee probing the Korea bribery scandal: "Congress has never done a very good job of investigating itself. The House committee should defer to a speedy and thorough investigation by the Justice Department."

Was Abscam an operation in which the FBI's actor-agents got carried away by openly offering bribes and urging their acceptance? Justice Department attorneys admit that a few leading questions by agents might turn up on the many tapes, but they insist that the entire procedure was too closely supervised to be seriously tainted. For one thing, the first tapes were quickly reviewed by officials at the department's highest levels to see if the tactics used by the actor-agents in the field were proper. Moreover, each actual cash payoff was witnessed by a Justice Department attorney, who sat in an adjoining room and watched a closed-circuit TV monitor. In some instances, the attorney would telephone one of the agents serving the sheik, if the bribe suggestions were getting too bold. The agent picking up the telephone would be advised to ease the pitch.

Even as one House subcommittee announced plans to investigate the FBI's internal ground rules for its sting operations, Director Webster expressed his belief that the FBI and Congress as a whole have compatible interests. Said he: "It's been my experience that public officials—say in Congress, for instance—want to get the rotten apples out. They're proud of what they are doing, and they are angered by anybody that is bringing discredit upon them by association."

He suggested that Abscam had not targeted individual public officials "just to see what they are up to, but grew instead out of investigative leads." That, he said, is "proper."



Equipment in Washington house to record payoffs to bribe suspects

A full moon, three drinks—but no money reached home.

Abscam is not the only FBI operation to lead into higher levels of political corruption. TIME learned last week that another FBI sting called Brilab, for "bribery labor," had fooled the New Orleans Mafia boss, Carlos Marcello, into believing that two FBI agents actually were insurance brokers seeking a cut of the lucrative fees that they would acquire by selling health and welfare insurance contracts for state employees in Texas and Louisiana, as well as municipal workers in Houston. Marcello, who claimed to have great influence in arranging such insurance, told the agents which politicians could be bribed—and readily accepted a $5,000 payment for his advice.

Marcello dined, drank and traveled with the disguised FBI men, laying out a trail of corruption that led to the staff of Louisiana Governor Edwin W. Edwards. Various state officials in Texas and local officials in Houston are also under investigation. Marcello further revealed to the agents a plot to bribe a federal judge in Los Angeles with up to $250,000 to fix a racketeering-murder trial of five Mafia figures. The judge was tipped by the FBI before he was approached by the plotters. The Brilab scam was shut down last week.

Apart from its covert schemes, the FBI's new interest in political corruption has concentrated on at least one other U.S. Senator: Nevada Democrat Howard W. Cannon. A court-authorized FBI wiretap on the telephone of Allen F. Dorfman, a former Teamster consultant who had long maintained influence over the huge pension funds of the various Teamster unions centered in Chicago, led agents to question whether Dorfman might have enticed Cannon into shaping a bill deregulating the trucking industry into a form more acceptable to the Teamsters. As chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, Cannon was a key figure in any such legislation. Cannon's suspected payoff was to get Dorfman's help in purchasing valuable land owned by the Teamster pension fund in Las Vegas, where Cannon also has a home. But the deal was never consummated. Says Cannon: "I've never heard anything more absurd in my life."

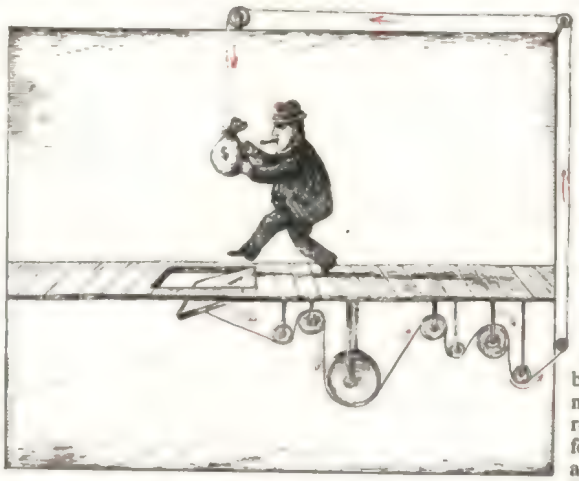
Just where the FBI's new activism in probing more sophisticated crime might lead —and whose white collar might be smudged—remains a great concern in Washington. Rumors persist that despite the leaks, not all of the Congressmen entangled in the Abscam net have yet been publicly identified. Thus, though all but one of the members of Congress pinpointed so far were Democrats, most Republicans cautiously refrained from making the new scandal a partisan political issue. An exception was Pennsylvania Republican Bud Shuster, chairman of the House Republican policy committee, who claimed, "History teaches that when one party is in power a long time, corruption increases. This is the result of one party's being in control of Congress for 25 years." Protested a Democratic House leader, Washington's Thomas Foley: "He wasn't saying that about Watergate." Insisted New York Republican Congressman Barber Conable: "There's no plus for Republicans in this. It's a bad show, and we're all going to lose from it." ■

Time Essay

The Troubling Ethics of Abscam

Why, you simple creatures, the weakest of all weak things is a virtue which has not been tested in the fire.

—Mark Twain, *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*



Like the mysterious stranger in Mark Twain's tale, the FBI brought a bag of gold to tempt politicians. Did those who fell for the Abscam sting have only themselves to blame or can they, like Hadleyburg, blame the stranger for leading them astray? This question lies at the heart of the uproar over the tactics used to catch public officials in the act of allegedly taking a bribe. Did they willingly commit a crime, if indeed a crime was committed, since the charges have not yet been filed? Or were they tricked into wrongdoing by a Government con game that took unfair advantage of them? At stake is the integrity not only of numerous Congressmen, but also to a degree the reconstituted FBI and federal law enforcement in general.

As the FBI has moved away from the routine investigations of bank robbery and car theft that were popular under J. Edgar Hoover, it has plunged into the far more complex world of organized and white-collar crime and corrupt politicians. Evidence is much harder to obtain, cases that will stand up in court are much harder to build. So the agency has increasingly resorted to stings to produce the strongest possible proof of a crime. But police infiltration of the criminal world has always been a touchy area. Undercover agents often necessarily become parties to the commission of crime; so do paid informants. Most police experts believe that they would be severely handicapped without such methods, but the methods always carry the danger of abuse.

The sting is embodied in American law as an acceptable police device. In a 1973 decision, the U.S. Supreme Court recognized that infiltration by undercover agents is "one of the only practicable means of detection" in certain kinds of crime, notably drug transactions. In general, the court has ruled that as long as a defendant is "predisposed" to commit a crime, he cannot plead entrapment—that he was lured into breaking the law against his will or without his knowledge. An entrapment plea can be successful only if a law-enforcement agency has pressured or induced him to commit the crime. Thus the defendant must demonstrate that he would not have broken the law without the urging of the Government. Many defendants plead entrapment, but few win acquittal on that basis.

Apart from the legality, there is an ethical question of whether the FBI carried the Abscam sting to the point of inducing the politicians to take bribes. It was not the usual sting. The agency was not simply participating in ongoing criminal activity. To some degree, it set up the conditions for the crime. The bounteous Arab sheik was strictly the creation of the bureau. The targets of its probe were sometimes subjected to a pretty hard sell —never by the FBI, but by contacts who were anxious to set up deals with the high-spending sheik. When Middleman Joseph Silvestri first approached Congressman James Florio in his office on Capitol Hill, he was turned down. Silvestri then called Florio at home, inviting the Congressman out for a "good time" and adding that his friends were "very, very generous." Florio finally hung up on him. A top Justice Department official makes the point strongly that the FBI did not in the least encourage Silvestri to make this kind of pitch; he did it all on his own initiative. But it did happen.

Though the FBI insists it was scrupulous in its questioning of suspects and made every effort to avoid entrapment, civil libertarians can contend that the operation smacks uncomfortably of Big Brother. FBI Director William Webster phoned Senator Larry Pressler to congratulate him for emerging clean from his bribery test. But, asks Congressman William Hughes, who also resisted temptation: "Is it proper for the Executive Branch to pose a litmus test for the legislature?" Representative James Howard, another who passed the test, objects: "If there's reason to believe that a Congressman would take a bribe, that's one thing. But just to go shopping with a lot of money, that's different. I resent a little bit that I was put in this position. In public life, there are enough temptations. Who needs another one?"

Ultimately, not all the Congressmen may be indicted. But their names and faces have been splashed all over television and the press. It is one thing for a Mafioso to get bad publicity; his career hardly depends on public approval. But politicians who face re-election can be ruined by such press coverage. Only one of the members of Congress under investigation is a Republican, but G.O.P. Senate Whip Ted Stevens protests: "Reputations have been seriously damaged in a manner not consistent with the standards of American jurisprudence."

Another unsettling element is the extensive leakage of the facts of the case to the press even before the targets of the probe were told they were under investigation. Says Harvard Law Professor Alan Dershowitz: "This is not a press leak but a press hemorrhage." Former Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox believes that "little leaks are one thing. Systematically giving out information on this scale raises real worries about the sensitivity of the people engaged in the administration of justice." Burke Marshall, a Yale law professor who once served as Assistant U.S. Attorney General, complained in the New York *Times*, "the deliberate, pervasive spread of selective information" is a "violation of every standard of professional conduct."

The role of the press is also being questioned. Fairness was sacrificed to the need to match the competition. If a publication holds back a story while a competitor prints it, says Washington *Post* National Editor William Grieder, "all you are going to do is leave egg all over your face. If we'd had a firm notice that this was our call alone, I'd have pondered the question more."

The determination of the FBI to tackle organized crime and political corruption—activities immensely destructive of our national ethics—can only be applauded. The more convictions the better; the more politicians too scared to take bribes the better. For too long, organized crime figures and their political henchmen have operated as if the criminal justice system were meant to serve them and not the public. Stings are understandably a vital part of the crackdown. But that is all the more reason for the FBI to proceed with utmost caution and with deepest regard for due process. Only by so doing will its cases hold up in court—and in the court of public opinion.

— *Edwin Warner*

Illustration for TIME by Eugene Mihaesco

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The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Refuge in the Rose Garden

Senator Edward Kennedy is taunting President Carter to come out from the Rose Garden and fight fair and square. He feels that he would benefit from a head-to-head encounter, or be enhanced by having a live President near by to attack. It probably is worth the gamble, but Kennedy could be wrong.

There is a body of political seers who are pressuring Jimmy Carter to join the primary fray so that Kennedy cannot make an issue of Carter's absence. Reporters naturally want a spectacle, and so in the name of the national interest they are calling for the President to debate the great issues of our time and maybe answer why he has not kept many of his promises from last time. On balance, in normal circumstances, it probably would be good for the system if Carter were to contend with Kennedy. But there is a lot that is phony about this kind of confrontation.

To start with, if the world is as badly off as Kennedy claims, Carter should be impeached if he leaves the Oval Office other than to eat and sleep. In truth, he is needed on the job in this crisis situation. A President cannot run this country properly from Air Force One or between bites of congealed cholesterol in some Maine church basement. The White House, with its ready access to information and people, with its tensions and moods and direct lines to friends and critics, with its tradition and reminders of duty, is needed by any President in critical times.

Kennedy and his Carter cassette

We still wonder whether John Kennedy would have been so agreeable when the Berlin Wall went up in 1961 if he had not been cruising on the yacht *Marlin* in Cape Cod waters. We also can ask ourselves if today's history might have been different had Carter been in the White House rather than aboard the *Delta Queen* churning down the Mississippi River when the Government began to get alarmed about the Soviet combat brigade in Cuba. In the Oval Office men seem to pause a second or two longer in their deliberations. If Carter had muted U.S. indignation, then had not had to back down later, would the Soviets have been so bold in Afghanistan? Some authorities think not.

What is it that Ted Kennedy does not know or cannot challenge in the voluminous three-year Carter record? The handling of the hostages in Iran, perhaps, but that is now truly a lesser issue on the political horizon. Carter has compiled this year a 75-page State of the Union report, a 636-page budget, an economic message that runs 329 ghastly pages. Each week Carter talks to hordes of visitors on the record, gives dinner toasts and speeches in the Rose Garden, lets visiting editors interview him. His words and ideas and moods, his presence, flood the wires and air waves. He is all over. Some say Carter talks too much. Nothing is left unsaid, and a lot of times something should be.

But Kennedy wants Carter onstage. We always seem to come back to show business. He wants to bait Carter to see whether he cannot get the President to impale himself fatally on some verbal shaft. Remember Richard Nixon and John Kennedy. Nixon had sweat on his upper lip, and people did not like his looks. Nixon may have lost the 1960 election in a few dismal seconds on the tube. There are a lot of people still around who wonder if that was any way to choose.

By most measures Carter has been correct to stay on the job through this crisis, though he has come close to being too cute about it. He made too many phone calls to Iowa for a Commander in Chief supposed to be pacing the bridge. He still spends too much time stroking political figures in the White House, thus casting doubt on his story of total absorption in crisis. If the future for this nation and the free world is as ominous as the President says it is, he had better be at work designing some dramatic new schemes for the 1980s. So far we have got little more than warmed-up leftovers from the past year. The greater worry remains that Jimmy Carter, the incurable campaigner, will soon dash off with his suit bag over his shoulder in quest of delegates, while Leonid Brezhnev goes on gathering up countries.

"Who's That?"

Kennedy debates a phantom

Ever since the Iranian crisis revitalized President Carter's re-election campaign, Senator Edward Kennedy has been hoping to lure the President out of the White House and into a debate. Last week he thought his chance might come when he and Carter were scheduled to give successive addresses to the Consumer Federation of America. But at Carter's request, Kennedy had to sit in an adjoining room while Carter spoke, and as soon as the President finished, he left.

"Who was that man who just rushed out of here?" cried Kennedy. Then, gibing at Carter's recent practice of campaigning from the White House with scores of personal phone calls, Kennedy added: "He had to rush off to read a critical national defense document—the Portland, Maine, telephone directory."

Frustrated by the President's elusiveness, Kennedy tried another form of debate. He took out a tape recorder and played a 1978 statement by Carter predicting that inflation would be held to between 6.5% and 7%. "And now for a comment from Senator Kennedy," said Kennedy. He thereupon denounced Carter's inflation policy as "a calamity." ■

Soon, G.I. Jill?

Carter includes women

"There is no distinction possible, on the basis of ability or performance, that would allow me to exclude women." So said Jimmy Carter as he announced that he would ask Congress this week to require young women, as well as young men, to register for the draft. But the President is still opposed to sending women, who now make up about 8% of the volunteers in U.S. military service, into combat. Said he: "Women are not [now] assigned to units where engagement in close combat would be part of their duties, and I have no intention of changing that policy."

Under the legislation, men and women who turn 19 and 20 this year would begin registering at their local post offices in June, while 18-year-olds would start signing up in January 1981. No one would be exempt, not even conscientious objectors. Total budget for registration in the first year: $20.5 million.

House Speaker Tip O'Neill already has predicted that Congress will not agree to register women, so Carter decided to take no chances. The Administration will introduce two bills, one covering men, the other women. Thus male registration, which Carter wants Congress to enact immediately as a warning to the Soviets, will not be delayed by the debate over G.I. Jill. ■

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Managing food service for the 1980 Winter Olympics is a challenge—even for ARA.

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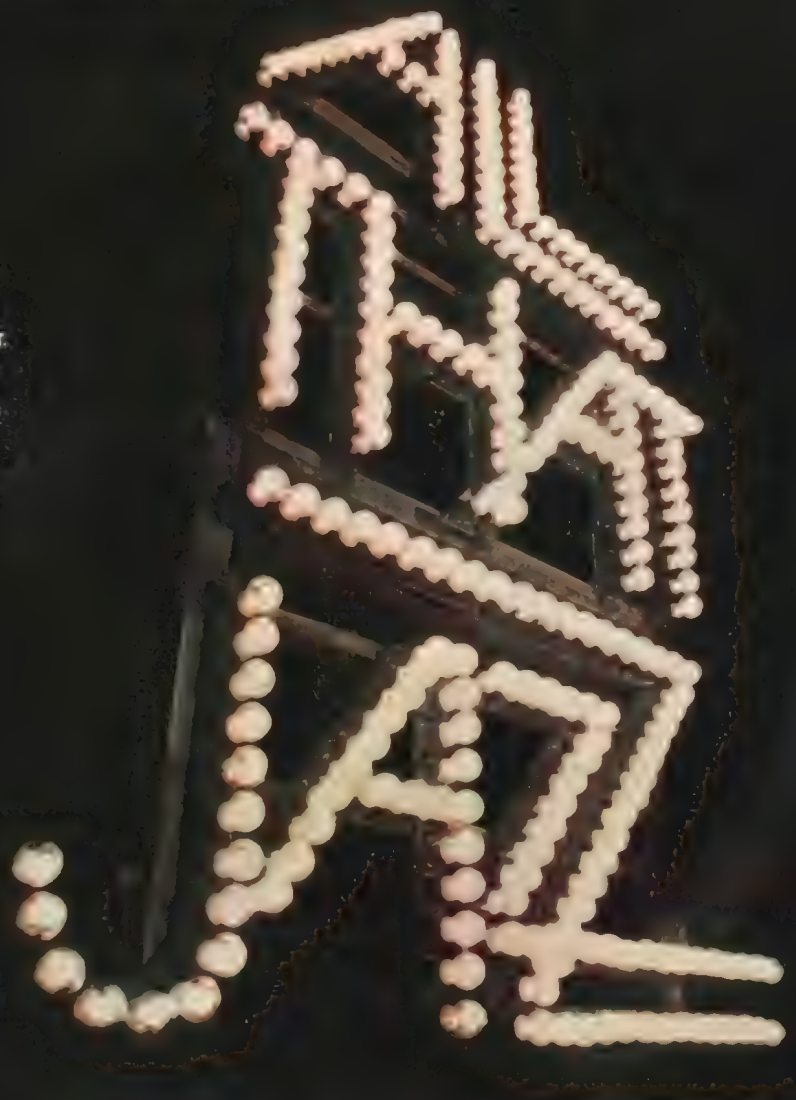

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An Ex-President Is Available

Ford's chances of running are remote, but the possibility exists

He is not a candidate for President, and will not become one. Unless . . . well, says Gerald Ford, "if my party should happen to want me to be a candidate, of course I would accept the opportunity." And what are the chances of that? "Remote," Ford concedes. But when asked if he can detect any "groundswell" among Republicans for him, he replies, "It is loud enough to be heard."

But only by Jerry Ford, insist top aides to the candidates actually in the race for the G.O.P. nomination. They maintain that the expressions of interest in a Ford candidacy are coming primarily from G.O.P. fence sitters who want an excuse not to back Ronald Reagan, George Bush or their rivals until someone looks like a winner. Says California Republican Chairman Truman Campbell: "Ford is a comfortable place of refuge."

MARK DE LESPINASSE

Non-Candidate Ford in Las Vegas

"I would accept the opportunity."

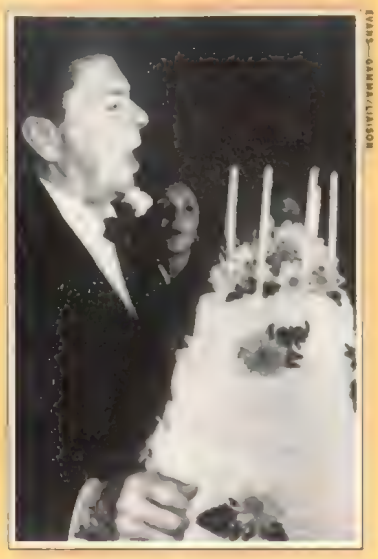
Ford has qualities that make him attractive to many Republicans. He restored trust in the White House after Nixon, and he ran Jimmy Carter an unexpectedly close race. When Ford left the presidency, the nation was in a mood that it now remembers with nostalgia: the Soviets seemed less menacing, and inflation appeared to be under control. Speaking to Western Union employees last week, Ford boasted: "When I came into office, the inflation rate was 12%, [and] in 30 months we cut it to 4.5%."

In any case, Ford will not let talk of an eventual candidacy die. Trim, tan and in splendid spirits, he is easily the most active non-candidate around, averaging 18 days of travel a month and earning about $500,000 a year on the rubber-chicken circuit. Last week was typical. He flew from his $692,000 home in Rancho Mirage, Calif., to Salt Lake City for a dinner speech to Utah Republicans, then went the next day to Las Vegas for a lunchtime address to the United Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Association. That afternoon the ex-President, wearing light blue paisley slacks, squeezed in a round of golf, scoring a 49 on the back nine. Then he gave another speech, at a $1,000-a-plate G.O.P. fund-raising buffet. While in Las Vegas, he was told by an admirer: "We need some of your experience to help us through the '80s."

Such encouraging words have convinced Robert Barrett, an aide on Ford's staff of eleven, who functions as a kind of campaign manager without portfolio, that "we have a base of support throughout the country of at least 15% to 20% without any campaign at all." And while Ford insists that he would be prompted to plunge into the race only by "unforeseen developments," his staff already has one in mind. Says an aide: "If Reagan gets less than 35% of the vote in New Hampshire, the stage is set for a more active role on our part."

If Ford did go for the nomination, he would start as a very long shot. Political professionals believe he would have to start almost immediately to mount a serious primary campaign. If he stays out beyond the end of February, he will miss the filing deadlines for primaries in which voters will choose almost 40% of the delegates to the G.O.P. Convention. But Ford shows no sign of making a move. Instead, last week he formally withdrew his name from the Connecticut primary. Ford could still run in the last few primaries, assuming he could raise money and create an organization. Many of his former campaign aides long ago joined the active candidates. Ford's 1976 manager, James Baker, is running the Bush campaign.

There is yet another possibility, which Ford discusses freely. Says he: "If there was a deadlocked convention, and if some support developed for me, of course I would respond." But if the convention does go beyond the first ballot—as no G.O.P. gathering has since 1948—party pros believe that supporters of the leading candidates would try to settle the nomination among themselves rather than turn to Ford. This year there are no deep ideological divisions or personal animosities that would prevent such deals. Anyone who speaks of a deadlocked convention turning to a dark horse, says a Republican National Committee official, "is talking about Warren G. Harding days." ■



EVANS—GAMMA/LIAISON

Happy Birthday!

To dispel concern about his age, Ronald Reagan showed vigor galore as he celebrated the week of his 69th birthday with 28 campaign stops. In Los Angeles, he carved New Hampshire from a 4-ft. by 8-ft. chocolate cake shaped like the U.S. Then he cut a carrot cake trimmed with red, white and blue frosting in Hooksett, N.H. But at the final birthday bash in Greenville, S.C., he leaned too far forward to blow out the candles on a five-layer rum confection and smeared himself with whipped cream. Said Reagan sweetly: "Having a 69th birthday is better than the alternative."

Lee Dreyfus pondering a point

Punching PACs

Wisconsin's Governor takes on the special interests

When Republican Populist Lee Dreyfus ran for Governor of Wisconsin in 1978, he refused to accept campaign contributions of more than $2,500 from the political action committees (PACs) of special interest groups like the Wisconsin Realtors Association, even though the legal limit was $25,000. Said he: "If you give me $25,000, I've got to listen to you pretty hard." He won handily, and last week Governor Dreyfus went a step further. He sent a bill to the state legislature that would prohibit PACs from contributing any money directly to candidates but would permit the committees to donate any amount at all to political parties.

Dreyfus' purpose is twofold. First, he wants to reduce the PACs' influence over individual politicians. Noting that Louisiana's candidates for Governor last year spent a total of about $20 million, he declared: "I just don't want to wait until we have that problem here. If we don't do something about it, we're headed for the best government that money can buy." Second, Dreyfus wants to revive the state's Democratic and Republican parties, which are nearly broke. By passing the PACs' cash on to candidates, the parties would serve as what Dreyfus called "a filter between the special interest money and the candidates, a buffer between policy making and dollars."

With Dreyfus riding a 75% favorable rating in the polls, his bill—the first of its kind in the nation—is given a good chance of passing. In that event, predicted Lobbyist James Boullion, who represents taverns, credit unions and nursing homes: "It will be the end of PACs as they are now, because no PAC is going to contribute to a political party." ■

Loosening Reins on the CIA

A new charter should make intelligence gathering easier

In the wake of revelations that the Central Intelligence Agency had spied on Americans at home and tried to assassinate foreign leaders abroad, Congress and the President in the mid-1970s reined in U.S. spy agencies—altogether too tightly. Now, many Senators and Congressmen are determined to loosen the hold. But how much? Last week a Senate intelligence subcommittee answered that question by proposing a new charter that would free the CIA and the nation's four other major intelligence agencies from several onerous restrictions.

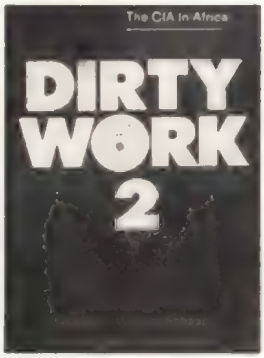
The proposed National Intelligence Act of 1980 has Jimmy Carter's strong backing. The charter's most important provision would allow the CIA to conduct covert operations if the President, after consulting with the National Security Council, found them necessary to protect "important" U.S. interests overseas. Such operations have never been formally banned, but a 1974 law had the effect of requiring the President to notify eight congressional committees about them in "a timely fashion." The risks of a leak were so great that covert operations were severely limited. The new bill would require prior notification of only the Senate and House Intelligence Committees, a manageable demand.

There is still some dispute, however, over just when the committees must be told. Carter argues that the President should be allowed to withhold information about some especially delicate operations if prior disclosure would endanger lives or embarrass friendly governments. Some Senators consider that too wide a loophole.

The bill would allow the CIA to tap the phones and search the premises of U.S. citizens or corporations in foreign countries, but only if the agency first obtained warrants from a special court. The CIA would be permitted to use journalists, clergymen or academics as part-time agents or informers overseas, a practice that is now forbidden by the agency's own rules. Only U.S. citizens or resident aliens could look at the CIA's nonsensitive files on them; at present, under the Freedom of Information Act, the CIA is required to show some files to almost anyone who asks. The new charter would very specifically continue the ban on assassination.

While many provisions of the charter are likely to win broad congressional acceptance, some will stir hot debate. Liberals are expected to fight against the limited permission to spy on Americans overseas. Other Senators and Congressmen will surely push for fewer restrictions on the intelligence agencies. Democratic Senator Pat Moynihan of New York has already introduced his own bill, which would make it a criminal offense for anyone to publish classified material or the names of agents still on active duty. In contrast, the Administration-backed charter would confine the criminal offense to CIA officers or former officers, exempting third parties such as journalists.

Philip Agee and the book that the CIA sought to block



A prime example of what concerns Moynihan and the Government is Philip Agee, who since quitting as a CIA officer in 1969 has made a career out of attacking the agency. Agee, who now lives in Hamburg, West Germany, has helped others publish lists of purported CIA agents. Only a month after a Greek newspaper in 1975 picked up the name of Richard Welch, CIA station chief in Greece, from one of these lists, he was assassinated.

Last week Government lawyers went to court to stop publication of *Dirty Work 2*,* concerning CIA activities in Africa, to which Agee contributed two essays. One argued that the CIA has been impeding African independence; the other attacked covert activities. The book lists names and addresses of some 700 alleged CIA undercover employees supposedly stationed in Africa. Angry Government officials maintain that many of those listed are diplomats who have nothing to do with the CIA, but whose lives may now be in jeopardy because they have now become targets for terrorists. To their astonishment, the Government lawyers learned at the hearing that the book was already published. Since mid-January, about 3,000 copies have been on sale across the country. ■

*Lyle Stuart Inc.; $20. The original *Dirty Work*, published in 1978, purported to name CIA operatives in Western Europe

U.S. Navy Task Force 70 patrolling the Indian Ocean. From left: the supercarriers *Kitty Hawk*, *Midway* and *Nimitz* with their escorts

Confrontation at Camel Station

Two superpowers prowl the Indian Ocean

"We have the preponderance of power. If it were to start tomorrow, it would be over in a day." So concluded a senior Pentagon official last week, referring to a potential U.S.-Soviet naval clash in the now strategically critical Indian Ocean, where mighty armadas of the two superpowers warily stalk each other.

So far, U.S. Navy Task Force 70 clearly rules the Indian Ocean's waves. Though the total number of ships fluctuates as vessels rotate in and out of Camel Station (as American sailors have nicknamed the area), the U.S. has had as many as 27 warships there simultaneously. More crucial than raw figures is the power of the U.S. force. On patrol last week were the supercarriers *Nimitz* (which recently replaced *Kitty Hawk*), *Midway* and *Coral Sea*, with their full battle groups of guided missile cruisers, destroyers, frigates, oilers and other support vessels. Along with them cruised undisclosed numbers of U.S. submarines.

The Navy is keeping its ships at Camel Station at highest readiness status, and there are frequent alerts. Some crews in fully armed planes are able to take off within five minutes. Others on 15- and 30-minute alerts wait in the ready room prepared to dash to their aircraft. On a typical day, each carrier's steam-propelled catapults launch 90 sorties. Some warplanes, such as the Mach 2.4 F-14 Tomcat, make combat runs, dropping practice bombs on targets towed by U.S. ships. Others, like the RF-4 Phantom, fly reconnaissance missions.

Confronting Task Force 70 is a Soviet flotilla of about ten guided missile cruisers, destroyers and frigates and more than a dozen support ships. At week's end the U.S. Navy was tracking 23 other Soviet ships in the South China Sea, concerned that some or all might be headed for the Indian Ocean. The Soviet ships shadow every U.S. movement. In addition, Soviet IL-38 "May" reconnaissance planes, based in Aden or Ethiopia, regularly drop to within 1,000 ft. of U.S. ships for close peeks, as do "Hormone" helicopters from Soviet vessels.

For its part, the U.S. can identify and track every Soviet ship within 300 miles of a U.S. naval formation. Since each armada is able to intercept the other's radio transmissions, all important messages are scrambled before being sent. But there have been times when the two sides have communicated with each other, usually using signal lights or flag hoists. In one exchange, a Soviet ship signaled: "Where is *Kitty Hawk*?" Pausing slightly, the frigate *Fanning* flashed back: "Kitty Hawk is a small town in North Carolina."

Despite the mutual shadowing, there have been no Indian Ocean collisions or even close calls. Says a Pentagon admiral: "We don't try to bump into other guys. You don't prove anything by that except that you're a dumb seaman." Nautical games of chicken in the past have caused a number of crashes. In May 1967, for example, a heavy *Krupny*-class Soviet destroyer in the Sea of Japan brushed against the U.S. destroyer *Walker*, punching a six-inch hole in its hull above the water line. More recently, in August 1976, the U.S. frigate *Voge* was rammed by an almost submerged Soviet *Echo II*-class submarine cruising the Mediterranean. The *Voge's* hull was gashed and one crewman was injured; the sub also suffered damage. But in the Indian Ocean, the two navies now seem to be adhering to the terms of a 1972 treaty in which Moscow and Washington vowed to avoid "the risk of collision."

A Soviet frigate shadows the U.S. armada (in background)

A query from a Soviet ship: "Where is Kitty Hawk?"

Though they do not play chicken, the armadas are involved in a potentially deadly game, for their ships constitute a formidable high seas confrontation between the superpowers. The commander of the Soviet navy, Admiral Sergei Gorshkov, has declared that "sooner or later the U.S. will have to understand that it no longer has mastery of the seas." But Chief of Naval Operations Admiral Thomas Hayward told TIME that Task Force 70 clearly signals that the U.S. has "adequate force to take the initiative if we feel that it's in our interest to do so. And it can be done now, without any delay." ■

In the prison gym, an anthropologist and other workers sift ashes for the bones and teeth of inmates

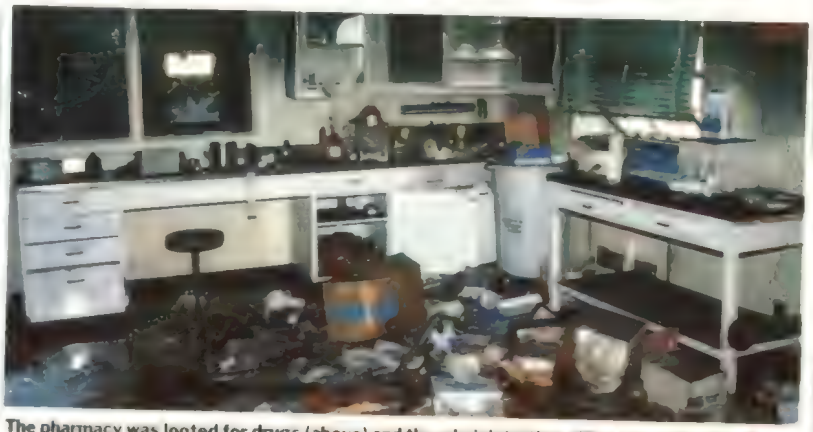
"What Happened to Our Men?"

In the nation's most savage prison riot, at least 33 inmates are butchered

Nothing like it had ever happened before in an American prison. Inmates battered gaping holes through 6-in. reinforced concrete walls. They burned open inch-thick steel doors with acetylene torches. They destroyed toilets, sinks, desks, file cabinets, beds—almost every stick of furniture that could be found. Little remained in several buildings but smoldering ashes and blood and bits and pieces of what had been human beings. Some corpses were missing arms and legs; one lacked a head. Another had an iron bar through its skull from ear to ear. Still another corpse hung from a cell block ceiling, the word RAT carved on its chest.

This was the gruesome scene that met some 200 heavily armed police and National Guardsmen last week as they charged into the New Mexico State Penitentiary near Santa Fe after the most savage prison riot in U.S. history. Said Colonel Bill Fields, commanding officer of the National Guardsmen: "I was in World War II, and I've seen mutilated bodies. I don't remember anything as bad as this." The rampage lasted 36 hours and left at least 33 of the prison's 1,136 inmates dead. Two convicts were missing and probably dead, their bodies possibly consumed by the fires that gutted several buildings. Nine prisoners and one guard were seriously injured. It was the worst prison riot since 32 inmates and eleven employees died in the 1971 revolt at New York's Attica Correctional Facility.

The spark that ignited the New Mexico riot took place at about 2 a.m. on Sat-



The pharmacy was looted for drugs (above) and the administration office was gutted by fire

urday, Feb. 2, when two guards discovered two inmates in Dormitory E-2 drinking hooch they had brewed from fermented fruit. The drunken prisoners overpowered the guards and stormed down the corridor to the control center, a cluster of rooms in the middle of the prison. The inmates shattered 1½-in.-thick windows with clubs and, once inside, flicked open many of the switches that control the locks in the prison's ten dormitories and cell blocks.

Hundreds of convicts poured out of their cells and stormed through the halls, yelling, "Get the guards!" Fourteen guards and one medical technician were captured; three others on duty, helped by friendly prisoners, found hiding places. The rioting inmates then ran amuck through the 37-acre prison grounds. Some rushed to the workrooms for boards, pipes, acetylene torches, anything that could be used as a weapon. Others broke open cabinets in the pharmacy for drugs—tranquilizers, barbiturates, even insulin. A few found containers of glue, which they sniffed to get high.

But a small group of inmates —perhaps fewer than a dozen—went on a rampage of brutal torture and murder. Most of their victims were in Cell Block 4, which housed suspected informers and others with reason to fear violence from fellow inmates. According to survivors, the "execution squad" doused some men with gasoline and set them on fire; others were hacked to death with homemade knives. Members of the squad killed one prisoner with a blowtorch, holding him before a window in full view of the law-enforcement officials and National Guardsmen who had gathered outside the 15-ft. prison fences.

Felix Rodriguez, an official of the state's department of corrections, tried to negotiate over a walkie-talkie with a group of inmates who used names like "Chopper One," "Chicano" and "Honky." They read a list of eleven complaints, including overcrowding, bad food and harassment by guards. But prison officials quickly concluded that Chopper One and the others had little influence over most of the convicts.

By 10 p.m. the riot began to burn itself out. Throughout the night, hundreds of prisoners, weary of the insurrection and fearful of being killed, made their way to the guardhouse on the edge of the compound to surrender. By morning, the remaining inmates agreed to free some of the guards in return for access to reporters and photographers. Among the first to enter the prison grounds was TIME Photographer Steve Northup, who reported: "There was smoke everywhere. You could see people giving themselves up —ghostlike figures coming out, waving white sheets. It was a nether world."

As more reporters entered the prison, more hostages were freed. When the last two guards walked out at 1:26 p.m. on Sunday, the policemen and National Guardsmen retook the prison without firing a shot. An hour later, Governor Bruce King announced that the riot was over and bent down to kiss an elderly Hispanic woman, one of the hundreds of inmates' relatives who had stood outside the fence all night. Her face turned stony. "What happened to our men?" she demanded.

It was a question that could not be answered fully, even days later. When a prison official read the list of those known to have survived ("Anselmo Duran . . . Albert Garcia . . . Adolfo Lemos"), there were cries of joy from the crowd. But others missed relatives' names and begged him to check again. "Please, mister, can you please tell me if 23355 is O.K.?" asked Lorenzo Chavez, who was reciting the identification number of his brother Gilbert. No answer came back. At week's end anthropologists from the University of New Mexico were sifting through ashes in the burned buildings, looking for teeth, bones and anything else that remained of the missing inmates.

BARR—GAMMA LIAISON

Blood-spattered debris in the administration building

"Please, mister, can you please tell me if 23355 is okay?"

Some 350 survivors huddled under blankets in the 20° cold of the prison compound. The rest were kept temporarily in the buildings that had escaped destruction. State officials estimated that it will take seven months and $22 million to repair the damage. Meanwhile they made arrangements to transfer some inmates to federal and state prisons in Arizona, Colorado, Indiana and Oklahoma.

Why did such savagery take place? Prison experts readily cited some causes. The penitentiary was badly overcrowded; built in 1956 for 800 inmates, it routinely held up to 1,200, and the close confinement helped make fights and homosexual rape everyday occurrences. In an investigation completed last month, State Attorney General Jeff Bingaman also concluded that the prison was sorely understaffed. Moreover, the report found that the guards were underpaid, poorly trained and badly supervised. The situation, the report said, amounted to "playing Russian roulette with the lives of inmates, staff and the public."

Drugs were another contributory cause. Said local TV Reporter Ernie Mills, who was in the first group of journalists swapped for guards: "Some of those inmates were so high that they could almost have flown out of that prison." Racial tensions, however, appear not to have been an important factor. About 60% of the inmates were Hispanics, 30% were white, and 10% were black. But most of the victims were also Hispanics.

Because of the unprecedented savagery, some experts concluded that a kind of madness was a cause of the carnage. Said Pedro David, a University of New Mexico sociologist who studied the prison in the early 1970s: "There were people in the prison who were very disturbed mentally and belonged in a hospital." Indeed, prison officials reported that the riot was caused by a hard-core group of about 50 inmates, who through intimidation enlisted about 150 more active participants. Said Chief Medical Examiner James Weston: "Virtually every one of the bodies had overkill, which is to say that there was more than mob hysteria. There was rage." Added Dr. Marc Orner, the psychologist at the prison: "None of us really understands what happened in there. The depth of the violence is incomprehensible to me as a human being and as a psychologist. It is as if all the aggression a human being can have was savagely unleashed. We just can't understand why they did this to each other." ■

Inmates huddling in the compound after riot

STEVE NORTHUP

Carter's National Security Adviser inspecting Chinese-made rifle at Pakistan-Afghanistan border; with Crown Prince Fahd in Riyadh

World

SOUTHWEST ASIA

Selling the Carter Doctrine

A show of support for Pakistan and Saudi Arabia

Possibly inspired by the mountains that towered behind him, National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski was in an elevated mood when he inspected Pakistan's border with Afghanistan last week. "You should know that the entire world is outraged," he told a group of refugees at Sadda, urging them in effect to reclaim their land "because God is on your side." After lunching in the mess of the famed Khyber Rifles, Brzezinski was garlanded by area tribal chiefs and had his picture taken at the Khyber Pass, quipping that it would be "a historic picture—three weeks before the march on Kabul." He spotted a Pakistani soldier carrying a Chinese-made rifle and asked to see it fired. The heavy recoil knocked the embarrassed rifleman to the ground as the weapon sprayed bullets in all directions. "Any casualties?" asked Brzezinski only half in jest. Luckily, there were none.

Brzezinski and his traveling mate, Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher, were in the midst of a week-long trip to Pakistan and Saudi Arabia. Their mission: explaining the new Carter Doctrine of throwing an American security blanket over Southwest Asia and the Persian Gulf to the two states in the region most vital to the West. Their first stop was Islamabad, where a week earlier Foreign Ministers of 35 Islamic states had issued a ringing condemnation of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

In the Pakistani capital, the U.S. team talked with Military Strongman Mohammed Zia ul-Haq about how to protect Pakistan from the Soviet threat along its 1,400-mile border with Afghanistan. Brzezinski and Christopher reassured Zia that the U.S. intended to come to Pakistan's aid in the event of a Soviet invasion. Though they failed to agree on an aid package, the Pakistani general seemed very interested in a pledge of defense. At the outset, Zia asked for a treaty with the U.S. that would protect Pakistan from all of its neighbors. Such a pact could conceivably oblige the U.S. to defend Pakistan in some future conflict with India. Brzezinski demurred and persuaded Zia that a 1959 Executive agreement that grew out of the Eisenhower Doctrine to defend the Middle East against Communist aggression was strong enough.

A garlanded Brzezinski at Khyber Pass

Brzezinski, who played chess and kibitzed with reporters during the 19-hour flight to Islamabad, argued that Pakistan will be expected to defend itself against border skirmishes and limited incursions; the U.S. would intervene only if the country's security was threatened. Calling the talks "encouraging, fruitful and educational," Zia said that the American show of support "has brought new life to the 1959 agreement." Brzezinski and Christopher left behind a 15-man military group, headed by Assistant Secretary of Defense David McGiffert, to study Pakistan's defenses in the north and northwest and assess its arms needs.

The Americans then flew to Saudi Arabia for talks in Riyadh with Foreign Minister Prince Saud al Faisal and Crown Prince Fahd. The Saudis *(see following story)* remained adamant against having U.S. forces on their soil. Nonetheless, the visit went off far better than a similar call by Brzezinski and Christopher last year, when they unsuccessfully sought Saudi

support for the Camp David accords. TIME State Department Correspondent Gregory Wierzynski, who traveled with the two emissaries, reported that they made five general points: 1) the U.S. is committed to resolving the Arab-Israeli conflict peacefully, with special efforts toward settling the question of Palestinian rights; 2) the U.S. is upgrading its military presence in the area, including its facilities in the Indian Ocean, and is prepared to engage in joint military exercises with friendly forces in the region; 3) the U.S. would like, specifically, to cooperate with Saudi Arabia in the interests of mutual security; 4) the U.S. is pledged to defending Pakistan against Soviet invasion; and 5) the U.S. has an interest in an "independent and integral" Iran, once the hostage issue is settled. In response, said a delegation official, the Saudis showed a "heightened confidence in the U.S."

While Brzezinski and Christopher were trying to clarify U.S. policy abroad, there was increasing concern in Washington because the Carter Administration was once again sending out conflicting signals. There were still reverberations from Special Envoy Clark Clifford's visit to New Delhi, where he told a press conference that the U.S. would go to war if the Soviets "move toward the Persian Gulf." Secretary of State Cyrus Vance gently rebuked Clifford, apparently feeling that stating the policy too bluntly could only make Washington's dealings with Moscow more tense than they already are. Such slips may be minor considering the size of the turn that the Administration is making. More open to question, say critics, are some of the new policy's premises. Even with allowances for election-year hyperbole, the invasion of Afghanistan is not the most serious crisis since World War II, as Carter has claimed.

Some observers also believe that the Carter policy slides too lightly over the prospect of internal subversion, which is the most likely way the Soviets would try to extend their influence. The risks in the new policy are many, to be sure. Symbolic gestures—such as declaring the Persian Gulf an area of vital American interest—are fine, but only if backed by the real thing. So far the Administration has not defined precisely what it will do, except to state that it would go to war to defend the Gulf. The U.S. may be assuming responsibilities it cannot meet.

American efforts to coordinate an allied response to the Soviet intervention also received a setback late last week when France abruptly announced that it would not send a representative to a Foreign Ministers' meeting in Bonn next week. The talks had been initiated by the U.S. The French refusal to participate considerably undercut the impact of an unusually strong joint statement issued earlier in the week by French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt; it called the Soviet intervention "unacceptable" and demanded a withdrawal.

Meanwhile, the Soviets continue to step up their eight-week-old occupation of Afghanistan. Some Washington analysts estimate that the Soviet force, about 80,000 troops, has suffered 2,500 killed and wounded since the takeover. In the population centers, Afghan insurgents snipe and toss rocks at the Soviets.

Military attachés in Kabul believe that the Chinese may be sending automatic weapons, bazookas and a few small mortars to aid the rebels—but not directly across their border, which is virtually impassable. "A sturdy Swiss with a yak caravan financed by *National Geographic* might be able to cross in high summer," said a Western diplomat. "But wheeled vehicles are out of the question and even camels are doubtful." More likely, say observers, China may be sending in weapons by way of Pakistan. ■

SAUDI ARABIA

Change in a Feudal Land

The Mecca siege inspires reforms—and fears

British *Lightning* fighters of an air force the Saudis hope to improve with 60 advanced F-15s

Of all the countries in the troubled Middle East, none is more important strategically to U.S. interests than Saudi Arabia, which now provides 16% of U.S. oil imports. To see how the ruling House of Saud is coping with the country's external and internal crises, TIME *Correspondent William Drozdiak visited the desert kingdom last week. His report:*

"This is our democracy," explained Saudi Arabia's royal chief of protocol, Ahmed Abdul Wahab, as he led his guests through the opulent marble palace in Riyadh to a thickly carpeted reception hall. Inside, about a hundred supplicants from various Bedouin tribes clustered beneath a huge crystal chandelier, awaiting their turn to approach Crown Prince Fahd. One by one they knelt before him, asking a special favor or voicing a complaint; the portly Prince nodded in sympathy, then told a member of his entourage what must be done. This ancient ritual, known as the *majlis*, enables even the lowliest Saudi citizen to express his desires or worries to the royal family. Supposedly it also keeps the royal family attuned to the faintest rumblings of discontent.

Three months ago, however, a well-armed band of zealous dissidents attacked the Sacred Mosque in Mecca, holiest of all Muslim shrines, and proclaimed one of their leaders the new Mahdi, or messiah. It took Saudi forces nearly two weeks to dislodge the invaders, and the audacious assault has jolted the royal family to its gilded foundations. "They were shocked and embarrassed, to say the least," says a Saudi with close ties to the ruling elite, "but it drew their attention to things they had neglected in the past."

The most influential princes of the royal family appear to have closed ranks, as they have done in previous crises. Ailing King Khalid, 67, has embarked on a series of pilgrimages throughout the country to solidify support for the royal family. Crown Prince Fahd, Deputy Prime Minister and heir presumptive to the throne, continues to handle day-to-day chores; most—although not all—observers in Riyadh believe his authority has increased as he seeks to carry out reforms to quell potential unrest. The next princes in line, National Guard Commander Abdullah and Defense Minister Sultan, seem to have buried their long-running feud in the interests of family unity.

Since the Sacred Mosque siege, the Saudis have reshuffled security and intelligence officials, replaced several top military officers and appointed a new governor for the Mecca district. Crown Prince Fahd has sought to emphasize the royal family's concern for the people by opening roads and schools with great fanfare. In response to growing popular resentment over corruption, he has taken steps to channel government money into showcase welfare projects, including a manpower training program to reduce the country's alarming dependence on foreign labor. To appease fundamentalist religious leaders, Fahd has tightened strictures that forbid women to work. To set an example to potential troublemakers, the regime beheaded 63 of the surviving terrorists of the Mecca siege.

At the heart of Saudi Arabia's problem is the unfinished task of creating a modern state out of a cluster of Bedouin tribes that were unified by Abdul Aziz

Saudi Arabia's King Khalid

Pilgrimages instead of falconry.

(Ibn Saud) under the present kingdom in 1932. The royal leadership is worried by the growing polarization of Saudi society; thousands of young Saudis return from the West every year with university degrees, only to chafe under a puritanical, semi-feudal system designed to appease the disparate desert tribes. "When the graduates come back, they are given nice jobs with plenty of money," remarks one educated Saudi. "But how long they will remain happy driving fancy cars and drinking whisky at home, God only knows."

For several years, Fahd has contemplated setting up a consultative assembly that would be a quasi parliament composed of both elective and appointive officials. According to the prince's plan, three-quarters of the assembly's members would be modern, educated Saudis, and the remainder would be unschooled but respected tribal leaders.

Saudi Arabia's domestic problems and its oil policy are inextricably linked. Progressive members of the royal family, including Fahd, have argued that current high production levels (9.5 million bbl. per day) are necessary to stabilize the world oil market and assist important allies like the U.S. At the current price of $26 per bbl., Saudi Arabia's oil revenues could surpass $90 billion this year

But more conservative groups, including religious and tribal elements, have challenged the wisdom of the government's high-production policy at a time when 1) the country needs to produce only 6 million bbl. per day to maintain current budgets and 2) the U.S. has been unable to secure autonomy for the Palestinians in the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip and return the Muslim shrines in the Old City of Jerusalem to Arab control. These Saudi conservatives argue that high production will not solve the problem of internal discontent, as evidenced not only by the Mecca siege but by sporadic unrest among Shi'ite Muslim workers in the oilfields of the country's eastern province.

The conservative groups also worry about the disruptive influence of some 2 million foreign workers in a country one-fourth the size of the U.S. that has a native population of only 4 million to 5 million. The foreigners include Egyptians, Palestinians, Pakistanis, Thais, Filipinos and Koreans—and about 1 million North Yemenis. The Saudis need the North Yemenis, both as guest workers and as allies, and often talk about the need to defend their country from the pro-Moscow, Marxist regime in South Yemen. Nonetheless, the Saudis know that the Yemenis resent Riyadh's oil wealth, and that a number of South Yemenis were involved in the Mecca siege. They also know that unstable, poverty-stricken North Yemen could link up with South Yemen to form a menacing new radical state on the Arabian peninsula.

During the Islamabad conference of Foreign Ministers from Islamic states, the Saudis led the fight to condemn the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. The Saudis' specific fear is that Moscow has embarked on a pincer-like squeeze of the Persian Gulf states by moving into Afghanistan and later, conceivably, Iran, even as the Soviets are buttressing their military outposts in South Yemen and Ethiopia.

The Saudis acknowledge that their security depends ultimately on U.S. power. To guard their independence, they abhor the thought of having U.S. bases on their own soil, but they would not be opposed to American outposts in Oman, Somalia or Kenya. The Saudis' first priority, however, is to build up their own forces. They are now confident that given the current cold war climate, the U.S. Congress will approve their purchase of 60 advanced F-15 fighter jets, though Riyadh is sensitive to any suggestion that the planes would be gifts. When told by a visiting Congressman that it looked as if "we got you the F-15," Defense Minister Sultan bluntly interrupted: "Excuse me, but we are paying more than our share for them."

What seriously stands in the way of better relations between Washington and Riyadh is the Palestinian problem. Fahd and other Saudi leaders remain convinced that the current autonomy talks between Egypt and Israel will fail to produce a plan that the Palestinians can or will accept. As traditional custodians of Islam's holy places, the Saudis are adamant about regaining Arab control of East Jerusalem As pragmatists and as the world's largest oil producers, they are worried about the threat of sabotage—and subversion—if the Palestinian problem remains unresolved much longer. ■

DIPLOMACY

Ali's "Whipping"

Trouble on a Mission Implausible

It had to be the most bizarre diplomatic mission in recent U.S. history. Two weeks ago, Jimmy Carter asked former Heavyweight Champion Muhammad Ali to undertake a five-nation African tour (Tanzania, Kenya, Nigeria, Liberia and Senegal) as his special representative to seek support for a boycott of the Moscow Olympic Games. Ali, who was traveling in India, accepted the assignment. By the time he had spent an hour on African soil, however, he was floundering like a Golden Gloves novice against a ring-wise pro.

Arriving in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, Ali immediately demonstrated that he had not been well briefed for his mission. He was apparently unaware that the Soviet Union had been backing revolutionary liberation movements on the continent. Why, some local reporters also demanded, should Africa boycott the Moscow Olympics when four years ago the U.S. had opposed an African Olympic boycott called to protest New Zealand's sporting links with South Africa? Ali fumbled for an answer and found none.

The former champ, who was hurt to discover that Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere would not receive him, threatened to call off his trip. Said he: "If I'm to be looked at as an Uncle Tom or a traitor or someone against my black brothers, I want out 'cause that's not my purpose."

Then he was off to Nairobi, Kenya,

Ali spars with schoolboy in Nairobi

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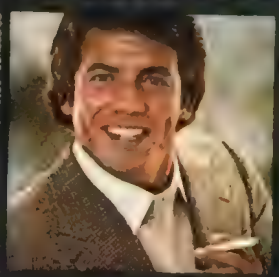

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where he accused Carter of sending him to Africa to take a "whipping" over U.S. policy toward South Africa. He continued: "There are two bad white men in the world: the Russian white man and the American white man. They're the baddest two men in the history of the world. If these white men start fighting, then us little black folks are going to be caught in the middle, so we all got to help stop these white folks fighting."

In Washington, Carter Administration officials tried to defend Ali's Mission Implausible. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance gamely told the House Foreign Affairs Committee, "I think he has been an effective and eloquent spokesman." And who was responsible for dispatching the former champ to Africa? "A lot of people had the same idea at the same time," allowed Assistant Secretary for African Affairs Richard Moose, adding that the President himself had approved the mission.

Nobody seemed to realize that to send Ali to Africa at a time when diplomatic heavyweights like Zbigniew Brzezinski and Clark Clifford were pleading the U.S. cause in the Middle East and India would be seen as a racial insult. Asked one Tanzanian official: "Would you send Chris Evert to negotiate with London?" ■

SOVIET UNION

KGB Campaign

The next victim

"They threatened to make an Afghanistan out of my apartment," said Andrei Sakharov. He was referring to two armed men who last week forced their way into his apartment in Gorky, the city where the U.S.S.R.'s most celebrated dissident is now in exile. The intruders warned that the 1975 Nobel Peace prizewinner would soon be incarcerated in a KGB psychiatric facility unless he stopped issuing statements to the Western press.

Meanwhile, the Kremlin has apparently targeted the next victim in its campaign against dissidents in the Soviet Union. Lev Kopelev, 67, an internationally known scholar of German literature, was accused in *Sovietskaya Rossia* of turning his Moscow flat "into a nest of ideological subversion and a place for meetings with Western emissaries." The paper also charged that Kopelev, a Jew who spent ten years in the Gulag under Stalin, "hates his homeland" and is "an enemy of the socialist system."

Kopelev served as the model for the kindly Communist character Lev Rubin in Alexander Solzhenitsyn's novel *The First Circle*. After Stalin's death, all charges were lifted against Kopelev. Last week, however, Kopelev packed himself a small suitcase in readiness for yet another possible trip to the Gulag. ■

IRAN

Hopes for the Hostages

Banisadr is off to a fast start as President

Hopes soared last week that an end to the three-month ordeal of the 50 American hostages in Tehran might be in sight. The State Department denied a Kuwaiti newspaper report that the release of the hostages was "imminent," but one Western diplomat in Tehran cautiously admitted that there were some "positive signs." In response, the U.S. announced a delay in the imposition of economic sanctions against Iran.

Undoubtedly the most positive of the signs was the take-charge attitude of President Abolhassan Banisadr, 47, who took the oath of office last week after having been elected with an impressive 76% of the vote. When the militants who are holding the U.S. embassy published documents supposedly linking Iran's National Guidance Minister Nasser Minachi with the CIA, Banisadr denounced the militants as "lawless dictators" and criticized the national radio and television network for spreading their propaganda. Then he ordered the release from prison of Minachi, who is regarded as a man with impeccable revolutionary credentials.

The incident unleashed a wave of criticism against the student militants, whose popularity seems to be ebbing. Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh warned that the government would use force, if necessary, to enforce its decision if and when it agrees to free the hostages. Early in the week, the militants called off a demonstration that had been scheduled to coincide with Banisadr's swearing-in ceremony, apparently because they feared the populace would not turn out. The number of militants present at the U.S. embassy was reported to have dropped from around 400 as of last month to 50.

Banisadr also won a battle against the ambitious mullahs who resented the rise of a layman to a position of such importance in the revolution. They tried to postpone the oath-taking ceremony until after elections to the National Assembly next month. But Iran's strongman, Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, who has been hospitalized for three weeks following a heart attack, ordered the ceremony to proceed immediately. Khomeini himself administered the oath of office to Banisadr at the Heart Hospital in north Tehran.

The next day Banisadr, with Khomeini's blessing, was also appointed chairman of the ruling Revolutionary Council. He easily won the council's support for a plan to create an international commission of inquiry for hearing Iran's grievances against the deposed Shah and his U.S. supporters. The plan could become the first step toward gaining the release of the American hostages.

What happens next will depend, most of all, on the wishes of the ailing Khomeini, who has apparently been doing some soul searching from his hospital bed. Last week, mindful of reports that Soviet troop strength was increasing along the border with Iran, he denounced the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan for the first time and pledged support to the Afghan insurgents. More important, he has bestowed his blessing on Banisadr in a manner that could not be mistaken. In this, he reflected the changing political mood of the country itself. Most Iranians seem ready to put the excesses of the revolution behind them. To the extent that Banisadr represents this changing mood, Khomeini is not likely to oppose him. ■

Banisadr kissing Ayatullah Khomeini's hand after being sworn in as President of Iran

A take-charge attitude at the top and soul searching from a hospital bed.

EL SALVADOR

On the Brink

Edging toward civil war

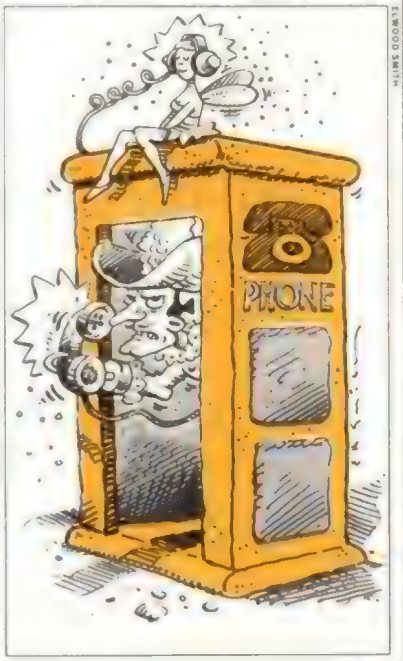
"We are a country of hostages," moaned a beleaguered official of El Salvador's Education Ministry. "We are hostage to our political system and we have no escape." Even as he spoke, armed student radicals demanding reductions in high school tuition were holding some 1,500 hostages in his ministry. And on a tree-lined avenue across town, Madrid's Ambassador Víctor Sánchez-Mesas and 14 others were being held captive in the Spanish embassy by members of a leftist group. The invaders demanded that El Salvador's civilian-military regime release 21 political prisoners.

Wishing to avoid a replay of the previous week's catastrophe in Guatemala, where a police attack on the occupied Spanish embassy resulted in 39 deaths, Salvadoran authorities kept their security forces away from the scene. Right-wing terrorists showed no such restraint: shortly after the embassy seizure, a leftist doctor was gunned down at his clinic; members of an ultraconservative group threatened to execute three kidnaped Communist leaders and burn down the embassy if the occupiers did not withdraw within 24 hours. Before that deadline was reached, the militants at the embassy freed seven of their hostages in exchange for the government's release of seven political prisoners. The rightists then liberated their Communist captives.

In an effort to avert all-out civil war, junior officers in the Salvadoran army had toppled the despotic military regime of General Carlos Humberto Romero last October and installed a five-man junta composed of two moderate colonels and three reform-minded civilians. The new government was immediately attacked by extremists on both the left and right. Further weakened by internal divisions, the junta was unable to stop the violence.

When all the civilian members of the junta and Cabinet resigned in protest last month, military leaders invited the leftist Christian Democrats to join them in forming a new government. But the shaky coalition seems no more likely than its short-lived predecessor to satisfy the far left.

The endless cycle of social and political upheaval has virtually destroyed the once flourishing economy of Central America's most densely populated state. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance has indicated that the U.S. was eager to provide $49 million in economic aid to help stabilize the junta. But money alone probably will not shore up the embattled government, and Washington policymakers concede that their options are limited. Says one Government analyst: "You get the very depressing feeling that all the U.S. can do is wait until it blows and then see what can be done." ■



BRITAIN

Tinker Bell Lives

And she is still eavesdropping

The curtain of the fairy chamber opens slightly, and Tink, who has doubtless been eavesdropping, tinkles a laugh of scorn.

The Tinker Bell in J.M. Barrie's *Peter Pan* was an impishly playful pixie. Last week Britons were shocked and titillated by tales of a far more ominous "Tinker Bell": an innocuous-looking five-story post office building, aptly code-named after the eavesdropping fairy, that reportedly houses an extensive government telephone-tapping operation behind its tightly drawn white curtains.

The Tinker Bell story first appeared in the leftist weekly *New Statesman*, which two weeks ago began publishing a serialized exposé by Journalist Duncan Campbell, 27. His most startling claim was that the government tapped phones, bugged hotel rooms and even monitored diplomatic communications of delegates to last fall's Lancaster House Conference on Zimbabwe Rhodesia; this surveillance, he contended, was "authorized directly" by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington, who won wide acclaim for his deft performance as conference chairman. Though all delegations were monitored, Campbell wrote, particular attention was paid to Patriotic Front Co-Leaders Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe; Rhodesian security personnel were even employed to interpret African languages and dialects. Campbell further claimed that U.S. agents had bugged "critical meetings" attended by the Front's delegates to last September's Nonaligned Conference in Havana and passed the information on to Britain.

The *Sunday Times*, one of many London papers that printed subsequent stories about the buggings, quoted an "impeccable source" as saying: "That was why Lord Carrington could conduct the conference on the basis of brinkmanship. The intelligence sources told him where all the brinks were." A spokesman for the Prime Minister refused to confirm or deny the report.

According to Campbell, the eavesdropping center, located in London's fashionable Chelsea district, can monitor at least 1,000 telephone lines simultaneously. It is crammed with highly sophisticated electronic gadgetry, including a computer that allegedly can transcribe spoken words into print-out. Backed up by separate operations specializing in planting bugs, Tinker Bell supplies information to Scotland Yard and two intelligence agencies. The targets of such surveillance, according to a former intelligence official quoted by Campbell, include not only suspected criminals but members of Parliament, trade union leaders, journalists, shipping companies and foreign embassies—"including the American."

Given Britain's seemingly inexhaustible appetite for stories about spies and public scandal, these allegations inevitably touched off a lively debate—not all of it ill-humored. Scores of people rushed forward with stories of suspicious clicks on their telephone lines, or of their own conversations being inadvertently played back to them by bumbling snoops. Some politicians and newsmen jokingly complained that they had been slighted by not having their phones tapped. The *Guardian* suggested a new variation on an old parlor game: "Tap. Tap. Who's there?"

Others were less amused. Several angry M.P.s, including Dame Judith Hart, a former Labor Party Minister for Overseas Development, indignantly asked the government if they had been the victims of wiretaps. Though Thatcher formally denied that any legislator's phone had been tapped, Home Secretary William Whitelaw told Parliament that the government did resort to telephone tapping as an anticrime weapon.

For all the uproar, most Britons appear to accept the government's right to use electronic surveillance, provided it follows proper legal channels. The greatest public fear seems to be that the sheer size and capacity of the electronic facilities now available might lead to a sort of Parkinson's Law of eavesdropping: demand rises to meet supply. Warned Conservative M.P. Geoffrey Dickens: "It is so widespread it is frightening. We have to be terribly careful we are not moving toward George Orwell's *1984*, especially as that year is not far away." Click. ■

HIGH SEAS

Sinking a Supertanker

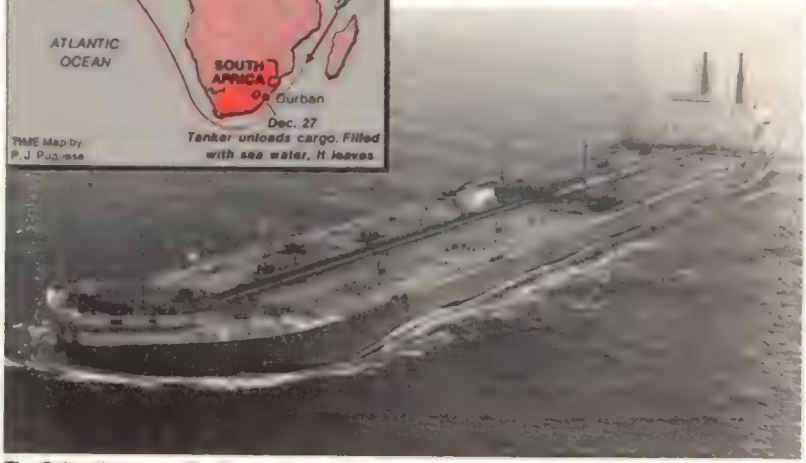
Lloyd's pursues what may be the biggest maritime swindle ever

At 10:50 a.m. Greenwich time on Jan. 17, crewmen aboard the tanker *British Trident* sighted a ship in distress off the coast of Senegal in northwest Africa. The *Salem*, a 214,000-ton supertanker, registered in Liberia, was listing and dead in the water. By radio contact with the tanker, *Trident* learned that a series of mysterious explosions was responsible for the disaster; indeed, a cloud of orange smoke billowed from the tanker's deck. By 11:30 the disabled ship's Greek-born captain, Dimitrios Georgoulis, and his 22 crewmen, most of them Tunisians, had pulled away in two lifeboats, their luggage neatly stowed. Six minutes later the tanker's stern lifted; it went down in a churning maelstrom of spray and debris, plunging nearly two miles to the bottom of one of the Atlantic Ocean's deepest trenches.

Was this just another maritime accident? After all, 1979 had been a graveyard year for cargo vessels. At least 279 ships sank, weighing 2.3 million tons in all —a 60% increase from the year before. Insurance experts at Lloyd's of London, now claim that the *Salem* was deliberately scuttled. If true, it would make for the biggest maritime swindle in history. Shell International Trading, which had purchased the 194,000 tons of Kuwaiti oil aboard the *Salem*, has filed the largest cargo claim ever received at Lloyd's: $56.3 million. Shell has also filed a suit against the *Salem's* owner, a Lebanese-American shipper named Frederick Soudan, charging that he purposely ordered the ship sunk two weeks after 170,000 tons of its oil were secretly unloaded in South Africa. Because of the magnitude of the alleged fraud, Scotland Yard has entered the investigation, and as a Greek shipping executive in London observed last week, "It's a lulu." At the heart of the mystery may be the oil needs of South Africa. Blacklisted by Arab oil producers, and with no wells of its own, the Pretoria government has said it will buy oil however and wherever it is available. Aware of South Africa's needs, a group of high-seas swindlers allegedly went to work. The prime suspect is Soudan. A resident of Houston, the 36-year-old Lebanese expatriate was an insurance agent and would-be oil broker who last October set up a one-man business called the Oxford Shipping Co. In November, using $11.5 million that he reportedly claimed later was a legacy from his deceased father, Soudan bought a ten-year-old Swedish VLCC (Very Large Crude Carrier) that had previously been known as *South Sun* and *Sea Sovereign*. Soudan rechristened his new prize *Salem*.

About the time that Soudan was opening his shipping firm, a man calling himself Bert Stein—fortyish, with gray hair and a vaguely Germanic accent—appeared in Piraeus, Greece, to hire a crew capable of working a supertanker. The load was to be 194,000 tons of Kuwaiti oil, to be delivered in Genoa to an independent Italian oil company, Pontoil. On Nov. 30, the ship—Soudan's *Salem* —sailed for Kuwait and picked up the crude. After four days at sea, however, the cargo was sold to Shell in a normal spot-market transaction. Shell kept Genoa as the point of delivery.

It has been claimed that on or about



The *Salem*, known as *Sea Sovereign* in 1974; inset, map tracing the ship's alleged final voyage

A lulu investigation of a suspicious captain, a missing ship's log and 194,000 tons of oil

Dec. 27 the *Salem* anchored offshore at Durban, South Africa's largest port. By then the crew had painted over the name *Salem* on the hull, making it read *Lema* —a simple three-letter switch. The vessel then slipped out of Durban around Jan. 2, Lloyd's believes, with its tanks full of sea water to simulate a full load. Two weeks later, when the ship was almost back on its original schedule, it sank off the Senegalese coast.

The *Trident's* officers immediately suspected that the *Salem's* sinking might not have been an accident; for one thing, the oil spillage was unusually small for a fully loaded tanker of that size. Then a talkative Tunisian crew member leaked the story to Senegalese authorities and new information quickly came to light. Detained in Dakar on charges of water pollution, Captain Georgoulis claimed that his ship's log had gone down with the ship. Local police, in piecing together the details, however, learned there was a 30-hour gap from the time of the first "mysterious explosions" to the ship's final descent. Then a Liberian official charged that the 42-year-old captain was not even a certified master: he was carrying the forged license of a Pakistani engineer. One year earlier, moreover, Georgoulis was allegedly involved in the mysterious sinking of a freighter carrying sugar for Saudi Arabia that was blown up off the coast of Lebanon.

In Dakar, Georgoulis dismissed the suggestions of fraud as "complete lies." Last week Soudan was in Switzerland; he has pledged to furnish absolute proof of his innocence. South Africa's Minister of the Economy, Schalk van der Merwe, has insisted that his country's "hands are clean." Lloyd's, however, surmises that after buying the *Salem's* oil, South Africa then resold it, at a 10% increase, to Rhodesia.

Paying off Shell's huge claim would add to Lloyd's already impressive financial woes. Among other things, the venerable insurance market is being sued by 36 of its member underwriters in a case involving insured Bronx slum buildings put to the torch. Last year, Lloyd's investigated the sinking of five supertankers and dozens of other vessels; it estimates that, worldwide, 100 cargo ships were purposefully sunk in 1979, accounting for losses of $250 million.

Many of these crimes were apparently engineered by a small band of Greek and Lebanese merchant shippers operating from Piraeus and other Mediterranean ports. But the sinking of the *Salem* may have set a new precedent. Explains Eric Ellen, chief constable of the Port of London: "The *Salem* is the first such incident involving oil, but we knew it would happen because of the attractiveness of the cargo. It takes an event like the *Salem* to make people realize how horrific this problem has become." ■

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Joe Holland works at Bethlehem's Boston Ship Repair Yard. He was awarded a new car for his better idea a method for using otherwise lost heat in powerhouse boilers

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Namibian students from revolutionary school on the Isle of Youth raise their fists in giving the freedom salute

CUBA

An Island of Indoctrination

Castro's experiment in revolutionary education

For months, reports have circulated in Europe and the U.S. about Cuban "kidnapings": African youths, taken involuntarily from their peasant homes and flown to Fidel Castro's country for ideological indoctrination. Jonas Savimbi, leader of the anti-Marxist, rebel UNITA movement in Angola, has even used the word slavery to describe what is taking place. The stories, which are given some credence by Western observers in Africa, cast a shadow over one of the Cuban President's proudest achievements: the creation of 15 revolutionary schools on the Isle of Youth.

Lying some 60 miles off the southwest coast of Cuba, the lush island—formerly known as the Isle of Pines—is swept by breezes scented by countless pine trees and grapefruit groves. The island has an unsavory past: before Castro's revolution it housed the Presidio, one of the most brutal prisons in the Western Hemisphere. Castro was incarcerated there for 20 months in 1954-55.

Today there are some 11,000 students, aged twelve to 18, from Central America and Africa on the island, along with 19,000 young Cubans, learning the fundamentals of math, physics, chemistry—and Marxist ideology. TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott, who visited the island, found plenty of regimentation, but no readily detectable evidence that the youths are there against their will. There may well be exceptions, but if so, they are effectively subdued by group pressure. Scott's report, after a two-day tour:

"¡Oye!" shouted a Cuban teacher standing beside a battered Soviet bus. *"¡Venga, venga, venga* [Hurry up]!" Emerging silently like guerrillas from behind endless rows of grapefruit trees were 25 Mozambican boys, dressed in well-washed jeans and carrying sharp, long-bladed pruning knives. Striding in an orderly single file onto the bus that would carry them to lunch at their school, the boys burst spontaneously into well-harmonized songs praising African solidarity and the works of their country's President, Samora Machel. "They are always singing," beamed the Cuban teacher. "It's part of their national tradition."

The routine of the schools is almost military in nature. Except when they are working in the fields (usually about three hours a day), the youths are dressed in blue uniforms with red kerchiefs and red berets, the standard garb of Cuba's own "young pioneers." The students are roused at 6 a.m., take breakfast (typically ham, bread and milk) in carefully ordered sittings at the school's mess hall. They are held responsible for the neatness of their dorms, which are crowded with double-decker bunks; each student has shelves by his bed to store books and clothing.

Students at each school are separated into 15 groups, which engage in a weekly competition, judged by the teachers, for neatness, attentiveness in class, and work performance in the fields. The top three groups are awarded flags that they carry proudly aloft as they march out to the fields and back again.

The school buildings are virtually identical: breezy, modern four-story structures, awash with portraits of Marx and Lenin. Classrooms are brightly colored, equipped with the latest audiovisual aids, and neatly arranged with rows of sleek, polished-wood tables. Each nationality represented on the island has its own school. The curriculums vary somewhat. Students from Namibia (Southwest Africa), for example, are taught English grammar, while those from Angola and Mozambique learn Portuguese. Cuban instructors normally teach academic subjects like math or biology, but the teaching of social sciences and ideology is reserved for men and women teachers imported from the students' homelands. "They are here not to forget that they are Namibians," said one teacher. "They are not here to become particularly Cuban." The "revolutionary" part of instruction would typically include the history of the country's colonial past, its place in the nonaligned movement and its economic problems. "We have discussion groups and exchanges of views," says Bernard Kamwi, a Namibian teacher. "We talk about building a just society, how to eradicate the capitalist system, how to give the toiling masses of Namibia a say in what is happening."

Students at Angolan school stage re-enactment of the "Kassinga massacre"

"We shall never give up. We shall win. Down with imperialism."

In fact, views are not so much exchanged as imposed. The classroom ambience is strict, and the rote method of learning prevails. A question is asked. Hands are raised aloft by students eager to give the answer. The correct response is then recited by all students in unison. Recent

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The more you look, the more you like.

The butler did it.

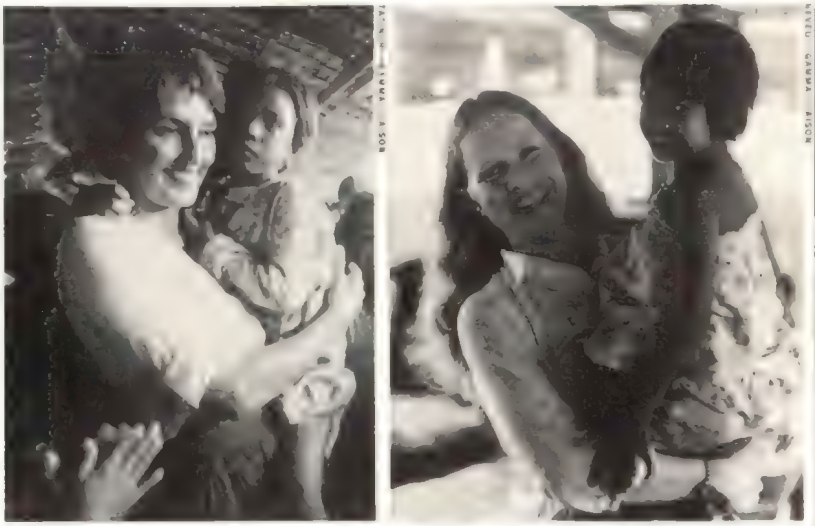
visitors to the Angolan school were invited to witness a sort of stage show. Part of it consisted of cheerful tribal songs and dances, but then the program became political.

Students re-enacted the "Kassinga massacre," an incident in which South African forces attacked guerrillas from the air. As the students performed it, the scene was an African version of Guernica. A tape recorder played a screeching sound track of an air attack and gunshots. Students acted out people being hit from the air and falling dead; others played comrades who picked up the wounded. There was an impassioned song, the gist of its message being, "We will never forget Kassinga." At the end, the students formed massed ranks, shook their fists and chanted, "We shall never give up. We shall win. Down with imperialism."

Life on the island is not all work and no play. Each of the schools has a soccer field and courts for basketball and volleyball. There are barbershops for the boys and hairdressing salons for girls, most of whom are coiffed with intricate "corn-row" braids. On Sundays there are bus trips to nearby beaches or sightseeing tours of the island. Sex is not a problem, the teachers insist. "They are told the facts of life, but there is no formal sex education as such," said a Mozambican instructor. Girls are free to talk with women teachers about the problems of puberty. "They have biology classes," said a Namibian ideologue, "but as elsewhere in the world, the kids do not apply biology to themselves." He may be right. Since the program is so full and disciplined, there would appear to be little time for love among the grapefruit trees.

The students claim not to miss their homelands, but there is a certain mechanical, programmed quality to the answers they give to questions about their future. Asked about her ambitions, a 16-year-old Angolan girl responded, "My desire is to continue my career to help my country. It is for Angola to decide whether I stay in Cuba to get my higher education." To the same question, a young Mozambican boy answered, "The party in Mozambique will be my guide. I would like to continue my studies, but if it is decided otherwise, I will return home."

Most of the students on the Isle of Youth will eventually return to their homelands, and they fervently express the wish to do so. Castro, in setting up this educational program, at some cost to Cuba, has reinforced his claim to leadership of the Third World. He has taken largely unformed young Africans and Latin Americans from a peasant society and turned them into disciplined young technicians, thoroughly indoctrinated in the tenets of Marxism-Leninism. Inevitably, the graduates of the Isle of Youth will have a profound impact on the spread and consolidation of socialist movements in troubled nations for many years to come. ■



Folk Singer Joan Baez and Actress Liv Ullmann cuddling refugee children in Thailand

CAMBODIA

The Fancies and the Fact

A march is foiled, but the omens are encouraging

Folk Singer Joan Baez sang *Oh Freedom*. Civil Rights Leader Bayard Rustin led a rousing chorus of *We Shall Overcome*. Elie Wiesel, author of many books on the Holocaust, recited Kaddish, the Jewish prayer for the dead. Actress Liv Ullmann gave a pint of blood for Cambodian refugees.

The celebrities were among the 100 participants in last week's much touted "March for Survival," organized by the International Rescue Committee and Doctors Across Frontiers, a French aid organization. When this earnest band reached the Cambodia-Thailand frontier they shouted an appeal through a red bullhorn, asking that they be allowed to cross the bridge to Cambodia with 20 truckloads of food and medicine. Rebuffed, the marchers donated the relief supplies to Cambodian refugees in Thai camps.

The demonstration failed to move the Phnom-Penh government or the country's Vietnamese occupiers, who denounced it as an act of "hostile interference" in the country's internal affairs. Nonetheless, the march helped renew the world's interest in the country, at a time when its situation—at least for now—seemed to be improving. After a tour of the Thailand-Cambodia border last week, TIME's Hong Kong bureau chief, Marsh Clark, found that conditions have changed so much in the past 13 months that the Western public's perception of Cambodia is a mixture of fact and fancy. Clark's report:

FANCY: The Cambodians are in imminent danger of being wiped out as a race.

FACT: There are now about 150,000 Cambodians in refugee camps well inside Thailand. An estimated 740,000 Cambodians, mostly civilians, are within a short distance of the border on the Cambodian side; it takes a considerable amount of imagination to speculate that they will all die of starvation or be killed.

FANCY: Since international relief efforts are only a "drop in the bucket" (as they are often characterized), the Cambodians are still dying of hunger and disease by the hundreds of thousands.

FACT: While the situation is bad, it is an improvement over the famine of last summer and fall. The Vietnamese have allowed peasants to keep the rice crop just harvested. This move, combined with the arrival of international relief supplies, has eased the crisis.

FANCY: The Vietnamese and the Phnom-Penh government have systematically prevented international relief supplies from being distributed to the starving inside Cambodia.

FACT: Most visible evidence suggests this is not true. While relief stores have piled up at the port of Kompong Som and at Phnom-Penh, there is no proof that Hanoi or Phnom-Penh is deliberately obstructing delivery. Distribution delays appear to be due to the lack of Cambodian administrators, the shortage of transportation, and continued fighting between the Vietnamese and forces loyal to the deposed Pol Pot regime.

FANCY: Now that the world has been alerted to Cambodia's plight and huge amounts of food are being channeled into the country, there will soon no longer be a need for an aid effort.

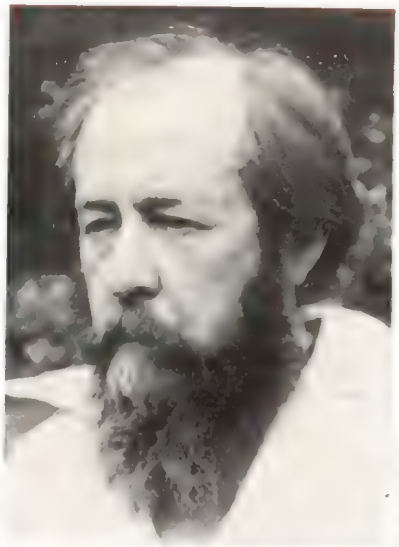
FACT: At least 200,000 tons of additional food must reach Cambodia, and 40,000 more tons of pesticides and seeds, if a major famine is to be avoided later this year. ■

Solzhenitsyn on Communism

Advice to the West, in an "hour of extremity"

Some Soviet dissidents still argue that their country's Marxist-Leninist system can be reformed from within. Not Alexander Solzhenitsyn: he has never swerved from his belief in the inherent evil of Communism. Last week, the Nobel-prizewinning novelist composed this essay for TIME *in response to the crisis in East-West relations created by the Soviet conquest of Afghanistan. Solzhenitsyn argues that Afghanistan is merely the latest demonstration of the U.S.S.R.'s insatiable desire for world conquest. As in his grim 1978 Harvard commencement address, he chides the West for weakness. But the West may yet prevail, he says, if it will recognize that Communism and the people oppressed by it are not one and the same.*

Many Americans will find Solzhenitsyn's views too harsh, his vision too chilling. But the reflections of Russia's greatest living writer on today's crisis merit wide attention.



The West began its perilous miscalculation of Communism in 1918: from the very beginning the Western powers failed to see the deadly threat that it represented. In Russia at that time, all previously warring factions—from the government forces to the Constitutional Democrats and the right-wing Socialists—united against Communism. Though the peasants and workers were not formally allied with these groups, and were not coordinated, thousands of peasant revolts and dozens of worker uprisings reflected the masses' opposition to Communism. A Red Army was mobilized by executing tens of thousands of men who tried to evade Bolshevik conscription. But this Russian national resistance to Communism received scant support from the Western powers.

The most fantastically rosy notions about the Communist regime circulated in the West, and so-called progressive public opinion greeted it with joy, in spite of the fact that by 1921, 30 Russian provinces were undergoing a Cambodia-like genocide. (In Lenin's lifetime, no fewer innocent civilians perished than under Hitler, and yet today American schoolchildren, who invariably regard Hitler as the greatest villain in history, look upon Lenin as Russia's benefactor.) The Western powers vied with one another to give economic and diplomatic support to the Soviet regime, which could not have survived without this aid. Europe took no notice of the fact that some 6 million people in the Ukraine and the Kuban River basin had died of hunger.

In 1941, the worth of this much-touted regime became apparent to the world: from the Baltic to the Black Sea the Red Army retreated as if swept away by the wind, in spite of its numerical superiority and its excellent artillery. There was no precedent for such a rout in a thousand years of Russian history and, indeed, in all military history. In the first few months of the war, some 3 million soldiers had fallen into enemy hands! Here was a clear statement of our people's desire to be rid of Communism. The West could not have failed to understand if only it had wanted to see. But in its nearsightedness, the West held that the sole threat to the world resided in Hitler and that his overthrow would end all danger. The West did what it could to help Stalin forcibly harness Russian nationalism for the Communist cause. And so, in World War II, the West defended not freedom in general but merely freedom for itself.

In order to buy Stalin's friendship at the end of the war, the West turned over 1.5 million people who were then in Allied hands and who did not wish to return to Stalin's tyranny. Among them were entire Russian divisions, Tartar and Caucasian battalions, as well as P.O.W.s and forced laborers numbering in the hundreds of thousands, including old men, women and children. Stalin manipulated Roosevelt with ease, effortlessly assuring himself of control over Eastern Europe: Yalta marked the beginning of a 35-year streak of American defeats, only briefly interrupted in Berlin and Korea. (When there was the will to resist, victory followed.) As I have written on earlier occasions [in 1975 in an article entitled "The Big Losers in the Third World War" and in the book *Warning to the West*], the entire period from 1945 to 1975 can be viewed as another world war that was lost by the West without a battle and in which some two dozen countries were abandoned to Communism.

There are two reasons for this string of capitulations. First is the spiritual impotence that comes from living a life of ease; people are unwilling to risk their comforts. Second, and just as important, is the prevailing, total incomprehension of the malevolent and unyielding nature of Communism, which is equally dangerous to *every* country. The West often seeks an explanation for the phenomenon of 20th century Communism in some supposed defects of the Russian nation. This is ultimately a racist view. (How then can China be explained? Viet Nam? Cuba? Ethiopia? Or the likes of Georges Marchais?) Flaws are sought everywhere but in Communism itself. Its aggressiveness is explained by, for example, Averell Harriman, in terms of a national dread of foreign aggression; this is said to account for the building of a vast arsenal and the seizing of new countries.

Western diplomats depend on unsound hypotheses that involve supposed "left" and "right" factions of the Politburo, when, in reality, all of its members are united in seeking world conquest and are undiscriminating in the means they use. Insofar as struggles do occur within the Politburo, they are purely personal; they cannot be used for diplomatic leverage. The average Soviet citizen, deprived though he is of information about the world and of the benefits of Western Kremlinology, understands this perfectly well. Illiterate Afghan herdsmen are equally on target when they burn portraits of Marx and Lenin, instead of accepting the tale that their country was occupied simply because Leonid Brezhnev happened to be ailing.

Try asking a malignant tumor what makes it grow. It simply cannot behave otherwise. The same is true of Communism; driven by a malevolent and irrational instinct for world domination, it cannot help seizing ever more lands. Communism is something new, unprecedented in world history; it is fruitless to seek analogies. All warnings to the West about the pitiless and insatiable nature of Communist regimes have proved to be in vain because the acceptance of such a view would be too terrifying. (Did not the Afghan tragedy in fact take place two years ago? But the West shut its eyes and postponed recognizing the problem—all for the sake of an illusory détente.) For decades it has been standard practice to deny reality by citing "peaceful coexistence," "détente," "the Kremlin leadership's pursuit of peace." Meanwhile Communism envelops country after country and achieves new missile capabilities. Most amazing is that the Communists themselves have for decades loudly proclaimed their goal of destroying the bourgeois world (they have become more circumspect lately), while the West merely smiled at what seemed to be an extravagant joke. Yet destroy-

Translated by Alexis Klimoff © 1980 by Alexander Solzhenitsyn

ing a class is a process that has already been demonstrated in the U.S.S.R. So has the method of exiling an entire people into the wilderness in the space of 24 hours.

Communism can implement its "ideals" only by destroying the core and foundation of a nation's life. He who understands this will not for a minute believe that Chinese Communism is more peace-loving than the Soviet variety (it is simply that its teeth have not yet grown), or that Marshal Tito's brand is kindly by nature. The latter was also leavened with blood, and it too consolidated its power by mass killings, but the weak-hearted West preferred not to take any notice in 1943-45. He who understands the nature of Communism will not ask whether the world's aid is reaching the starving Cambodians through the good offices of the Heng Samrin regime. Of course it does not. It is confiscated for the army and government. The people can starve.

Communism needs the whole charade of détente for only one purpose: to gain additional strength with the help of Western financing (those loans will not be repaid) and Western technology before it launches its next large-scale offensive. Communism is stronger and more durable than Nazism, it is far more sophisticated in its propaganda and excels at such charades.

Communism is unregenerate; it will always present a mortal danger to mankind. It is like an infection in the world's organism: it may lie dormant, but it will inevitably attack with a crippling disease. There is no help to be found in the illusion that certain countries possess an immunity to Communism: any country that is free today can be reduced to prostration and complete submission.

"Communism is unregenerate; it will always present a mortal danger to mankind."

Nevertheless, healers frequently turn up to pronounce the following reassuring diagnosis of the acute infection that is Communism: "This malady is not contagious; it is a hereditary Russian disorder." The cure they propose involves avoiding angering the Brezhnev regime at all costs. Instead, it must be supported and equipped. They insist that the enemy to be opposed is any manifestation of the Russian national consciousness, when, in reality, it is the only force that is realistically capable of weakening Soviet Communism from within. The case against the Russian national consciousness is systematically being argued by noted American academics and journalists, who are using irresponsible and tendentious data supplied by some recent émigrés from the Soviet Union.

Such propaganda is sheer madness and serves only to disarm the West. After the forces of Russian nationalism were betrayed by the West in the Russian civil war and once again in World War II, here is an open call to repeat this betrayal yet a third time. This would have ruinous consequences for the Russian people and for the other peoples of the U.S.S.R. It would be just as ruinous for the West. Today the Communist leadership with its decrepit ideology once again dreams of saddling and bridling Russian nationalism in pursuit of its imperial goals. The West must not now equip a horseman intent on the West's destruction.

Communism is inimical and destructive of *every* national entity. The American antiwar movement long nurtured the hope that in North Viet Nam nationalism and Communism were in harmony, that Communism seeks the national self-determination of its beloved people. But the grim flotilla of boats escaping from Viet Nam—even if we count only those that did not sink —may have explained to some less ardent members of the movement where the national consciousness resides and always did reside. The bitter torment of millions of dying Cambodians (to which the world is already growing accustomed) demonstrates this even more vividly. Take Poland: the nation prayed for just a few days with the Pope; only the blind could still fail to distinguish the people from Communism. Consider the Hungarian freedom fighters, the East Germans who keep on dying as they try to cross the Wall, and the Chinese who plunge into shark-infested waters in the hope of reaching Hong Kong. China conceals its secrets best of all; the West hastens to believe that this, at least, is "good, peace-loving" Communism. Yet the same unbridgeable abyss, the same hatred separate the Chinese regime and the Chinese people.

An identical chasm exists between Communism and the Russian national consciousness. It pains us that the West heedlessly confuses the words Russian and Russia with Soviet and U.S.S.R. To apply the former words to the latter concepts is tantamount to acknowledging a murderer's right to the clothes and identification papers of his victim. It is a thoughtless blunder to consider the Russians the "ruling nationality" in the U.S.S.R. The Russians were the recipients, under Lenin, of the first crushing blow. They suffered millions of victims (with the most outstanding killed off selectively) even before the genocidal collectivization of agriculture. At the same time Russian history was reviled. Russia's culture and its church were crushed. Russia's clergy, nobility, merchants and finally its peasantry were destroyed. Though the regime's blows fell next on the other nationalities, the Russian countryside today has the lowest standard of living in the U.S.S.R., and Russian provincial towns have the lowest priority in the distribution of consumer goods. In huge areas of our country, there is nothing to *eat*, and the purchases of U.S. grain do not improve the people's diet (the grain goes to military stockpiles). The Russians make up the bulk of the slaves of the Soviet state. The Russians are exhausted; their debilitation is becoming hereditary, their national consciousness has been debased and suppressed.

Nothing could now be further from the heart of the Russian people than a militant nationalism; the idea of an empire is repulsive to them. But the Communist regime watches its slaves carefully and takes special pains to suppress their non-Communist consciousness. The result: enormous labor camp terms for the proponents of freedom (Igor Ogurtsov—20 years, Vladimir Osipov—16 years, Yuri Orlov—seven years); the new arrests of priests, the spiritual teachers of the people (Gleb Yakunin and Dmitri Dudko); the destruction of the innocent Christian Committee for the Defense of Believers' Rights; the continuing mass imprisonment of young Christians; the exile of Andrei Sakharov.

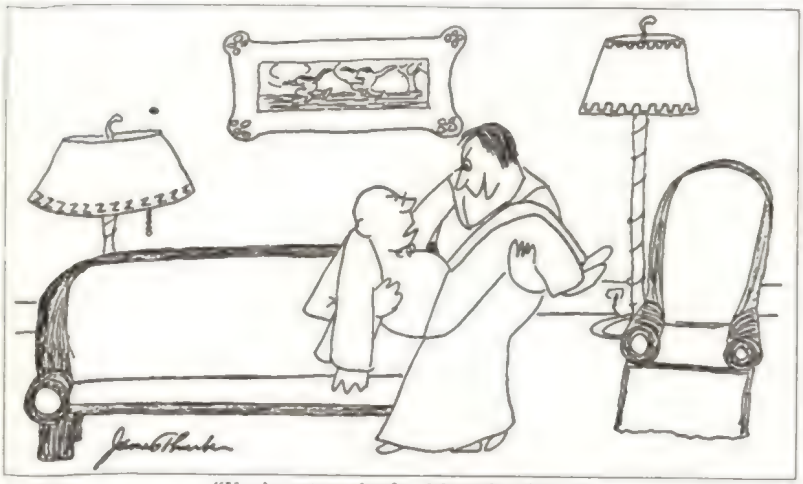
In expectation of World War III the West again seeks cover, and finds Communist China as an ally! This is another betrayal, not only of Taiwan, but of the entire oppressed Chinese people. Moreover, it is a mad, suicidal policy: having supplied billion-strong China with American arms, the West will defeat the U.S.S.R., but thereafter no force on earth will restrain Communist China from world conquest.

Communism stops only when it encounters a wall, even if it is only a wall of resolve. The West cannot now avoid erecting such a wall in what is already its hour of extremity. Meanwhile, however, 20 possible allies have fallen to Communism since World War II. Meanwhile, Western technology has helped develop the terrifying military power of the Communist world. The wall will have to be erected with what strength remains. The present generation of Westerners will have to make a stand on the road upon which its predecessors have so thoughtlessly retreated for 60 years.

But there is hope. All oppressed peoples are on the side of the West: the Russians, the various nationalities of the U.S.S.R., the Chinese and the Cubans. Only by relying on *this* alliance can the West's strategy succeed. Only together with the oppressed will the West constitute the decisive force on earth. This is also a matter of principle, if the West is to uphold freedom everywhere and not merely for itself.

This strategy will obviously entail radical conceptual changes and the rethinking of tactics on the part of Western politicians, diplomats and military men.

Five years ago, all my warnings were ignored by official America. Your leaders are free to ignore my present predictions as well. But they too will come true. ■



"You're going a bit far, Miss Blanchard."

Male Fantasies

Men want women more than women want men

The stranger knocks at the door. When the woman opens it, he pushes his way in, ties her up and rapes her—gently. That forced-sex fantasy, or something like it, is one of the most common sexual daydreams of American women. Masters and Johnson say it is second only to fantasizing about sex with a different partner. Author Nancy Friday, the diligent collector of female fantasies *(My Secret Garden, Forbidden Flowers)* says it is second to none.

The same kind of daydream may also be No. 1 among men. Friday's new collection of male fantasies, *Men in Love* (due next month from Delacorte), comes to the surprising conclusion that men generally prefer to fantasize about being subjugated by a powerful woman. Says Friday: "Ninety-nine percent of the sadomasochistic fantasies were masochistic ones. Men just don't want to dominate women in their fantasies."

Even in the few reported sadistic fantasies, Friday found men looking for women's approval. "A man might fantasize using softly padded handcuffs on a woman, so he won't hurt her wrists, or make sure that she enjoys the rape and has plenty of orgasms." What seems to be the theme of the masochistic fantasies, she says, is the need to placate a strong woman. Her guess is that the fantasy is built around the early memory of a powerful mother and the universal male frustration with women's naysaying to men's sexual overtures. Says Friday: "If he is careful, listens to the woman's rules and suppresses his anger, he will be rewarded with sex and love. It is the formula for masochism."

Friday appealed to male readers of her second book to send her their fantasies. The new book details 200 of the more than 3,000 fantasies sent in, and though they are hardly a random sampling, she thinks it gives a fair idea of what men daydream about. To check that impression, she took a job anonymously as a sex-fantasy columnist for a girlie magazine; sure enough, the fantasies sent in during her yearlong stint were much the same as those from readers of her book. She found that the sexually voracious woman is one of the most popular themes, as is the fantasy of performing oral sex. Unlike women, who prefer fantasies of sex with faceless strangers, men's fantasy partners are almost always specific individuals, she says.

Though Friday was stunned at first by some of the aggressiveness and language of the male fantasies, she came away from the project with a high opinion of men. "Men really are generous, not so conditional about offering love and sex," she says. "Women are withholding. Everything we give, we give with strings attached—'I'll love you if you do this, but not if you go too far,' or, 'I'll love you if you marry me.' The man always has to pay, but with all that pushing away, he persists. It's persuaded me that men want women more than women want men." To Friday, fantasies are not just inner movies that add spice to sex. Their function is to deal with the mix of frustration, love and rage that men feel toward women. Says Friday: "At least for a sexual moment, magic is called in, reality altered, the perceived nature of woman changed and the conflict is healed." ■

Cartoon © 1943 James Thurber © 1971 Helen W. Thurber & Rosemary T. Sauers from *Men, Women and Dogs;* Harcourt Brace Jovanovich

Leapin' Lizards!

Lesbian reptiles act like males

Readers of science journals know a good deal about bisexual aphids, "homosexual" gulls, and "transvestite" fish, species in which the male adopts the coloration and movements of the female to trick other males. Some researchers argue that every expression of human sexuality has some sort of analogue in the animal world. But even jaded followers of animal sex studies will have to admit that a Harvard team has now discovered something really new: "lesbian" lizards that copulate like males.

So far biologists have identified 27 kinds of parthenogenetic lizards—all-female species that lay eggs to produce exact genetic copies of the mother. On field trips in Arizona and Colorado, a team of researchers headed by Psychobiologist David Crews found that four of these species engage in mock male-female sex.

An active female mounts a passive one, curves the tail under the other's body, strokes the partner's back and neck, joins genital regions, and rides on top for one to five minutes. The active female lizard always has small undeveloped eggs, while the passive female has large pre-ovulatory eggs. But there are cyclic variations in behavior and egg size in these reptiles, and roles reverse; the passive female of one encounter can be the active partner of the next. Says Crews: "We are now trying to determine whether this malelike behavior facilitates reproductive function." Translation: the psychobiologist does not yet know why the females mock the male-female behavior of related two-sex species. The eggs hatch with or without the lesbian courtship.

Crews thinks the discovery has important implications. "What we have found here," he says, "is the first evidence of animals where sex and sexuality are independent of each other." Still, it is too early to announce that sex for its own sake was first discovered by lizards. The mounting behavior may serve to synchronize the egg laying, or increase the number of eggs. Or it may be, according to Crews, that the malelike behavior among the female lizards is a kind of "compensation" for life without males. Or it might be an evolutionary hangover from the good old male-female days. Since stories about animal sexuality are inevitably drawn into human sexual politics these days, Crews may be called to task by radical lesbians for his hetero chauvinism. If so, he will have to plead guilty: his team is currently treating eggs with hormones in hopes of producing the species' first males. ■

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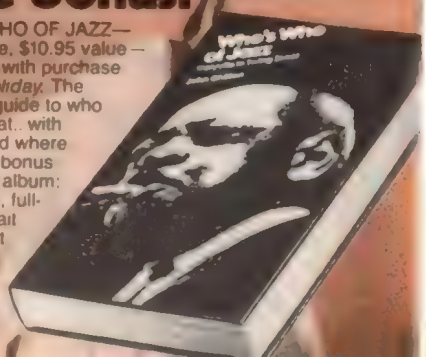

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Exploring a Lost Continent

Come hear the sackbut, shawm and Medici Philharmonic

The period before Bach was long the Atlantis of musical history: an entire realm sunk into oblivion, remembered only in legend. The poets, painters and architects of the time—roughly the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance—had been gloriously gifted; it stood to reason that the musicians had been too. Yet there was scant record of what their work sounded like. The scores that survived were in archaic, sometimes cryptic notation. The original instruments—for instance, the sackbut, a precursor of the trombone, and the shawm, a sort of oboe with a cold—often were found only among museum relics or glimpsed in old paintings; even when they were reconstructed, few performers knew how to tune or play them. But in the past few decades there has been a revolution in early music. Dozens of scholarly, dedicated ensembles have sprung up to try to reclaim Atlantis, not in the spirit of archaeology but of art, by re-imagining it. In the U.S., no other group approaches the task with more style and verve than the Waverly Consort.

Now in its 15th season, the Waverly consists of six singers and four instrumentalists. They take the stage in modified period costume, the men in loose peasant blouses, the women in simple long dresses. Their performing delightfully blends the contrasting austerity and amiability of early music. Over the drone of string tones, plangent woodwinds pipe and trill, punctuated occasionally by bells or the shiver of tambourines. The singers spin out long, pure lines, immaculate in pitch and virtually free of vibrato. There are intricate madrigals, courtly love ballads, ribald drinking songs, solemn liturgical anthems, sprightly dances. Between numbers, Director Michael Jaffee, 41, may look up from his lute and chat engagingly to the audience about the music. The whole effect is blessedly unfussy, with none of the chilly fastidiousness of those early music groups that bear their authenticity like a penance.

Jaffee and his wife Kay, 42, who is the group's specialist in recorders, call the Waverly "a mom and pop operation." She does the research, he does the arranging. "Even in modern notation," Kay explains, "a piece we select will typically be nothing but a melodic line, with no sharps or flats, no tempo or dynamic markings—just a clue." How to flesh out the melody, how to pace it and color it, when to use voices and when instruments, and even where a touch of improvisation might spark things along: these are decisions Michael makes. He plans the Waverly programs around a theme. Their annual December concerts in a 12th century Spanish apse at the Cloisters range over medieval, Renaissance and Baroque Christmas selections. Recently, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, they encompassed "The Gothic Era." Next week, at Lincoln Center, it will be "The Music of Spain, 1250-1550."

The Waverly repertory also includes more ambitious staged works. For *Le Roman de Fauvel*, a 14th century satirical fable about an ass who rises to rule the world, they use sets, elaborate masks and costumes. At times they expand their forces to the 23-member Waverly Waits in order to present large-scale compositions. It is a practice Jaffee would like to step up. He believes that the custom of performing early music in small groups is like representing the repertory of the 19th century solely through chamber music. "They had their equivalents of the Medici Philharmonic too," he says.

The Waverly owes its existence, in a sense, to two highly unlikely and unwitting patrons: Arthur Godfrey and an unmusical Greenwich Village landlord. It was Godfrey's ukulele playing that first prompted Jaffee, a furrier's son, to begin strumming the guitar as a boy in Brooklyn. Later, while studying musicology at N.Y.U., he met Kay, a pianist whose landlord had forbidden her to practice in her apartment. She took up the recorder as a consolation, and Michael experimented with accompanying her on the lute. Inspired by Noah Greenberg's pioneering New York Pro Musica, they "roped in a few friends," and the Waverly Consort—named for Waverly Place, a street that runs past the N.Y.U. campus—was born.

In its first seasons, the group could scarcely fill a hall in New York. Now their annual schedule of 59 concerts includes 17 appearances in New York, all of them sold out. Their four LPs on Vanguard and Columbia, while hardly rivaling the Boston Pops, have broken out of the confines of the specialized early-music market. In addition, they are moving into national television. They have video-taped four 20-minute recitals of music by such contemporaries of Shakespeare's as Dowland, Byrd and Weelkes, for inclusion in PBS's Shakespeare series starting this month. "The potential audience for this music goes far beyond even the usual classical audience," Jaffee insists. "It is immediate and unpretentious, with roots in popular traditions. People have gotten over the feeling that they need a Ph.D. to listen to it. And at that, our performance practices are still 99% conjecture. What a fantastic sound it will be once we *really* figure out how to do it." ■

The Waverly Consort performs at the 12th century Spanish apse of the Cloisters in Manhattan with Michael Jaffee (center) and Kay (far left)

The music is immediate and unpretentious. People are over the feeling that they need a Ph.D. to listen to it

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Science

Just a Nasty Little Thing

Still, the monkey-like creature was our ancestor

They were hardly prepossessing. Their small heads, sinewy limbs and long tails gave them the look of a lowly monkey. Largely tree dwellers, they scampered from branch to branch on all fours. Though they were not very formidable —males weighed no more than 5½ kg (12 lbs.), females about 80% of that—they could take on a ferocious appearance. Whenever the males competed with one another for females or were threatened, they would bare their fanglike canines. Comments Duke University Paleontologist Elwyn Simons: "A nasty little thing."

Yet the beastly little primates were much more than that. They were probably the smartest, most advanced creatures of their day. *Aegyptopithecus zeuxis* (connecting ape of Egypt), which lived some 30 million years ago in what was then a lushly forested region in Egypt, has long been suspected of occupying a key position in the genealogy of higher primates, including man. Three years ago, Simons and his colleagues resumed their digging about 60 km (40 miles) southwest of Cairo, where he had found a single fossilized *Aegyptopithecus* skull in 1966. Last week they reported striking new evidence that the scrawny creature is the oldest common ancestor of apes and man.

Support for this bold assertion comes from careful study of more than two dozen skeletal remnants recently dug up by Simons' team. These fossils helped the scientists re-create not only the physical structure of the animal, its movements and diet but its social behavior as well. Of special importance were the primate's teeth. "The males had large, fanglike canine teeth," explains Duke Anatomist Richard Kay, "whereas females had comparatively small canines." Why? Apparently the males developed their large fangs so they could battle one another for mates, establish a social pecking order and, when threatened by an outside aggressor, defend their troop—a characteristic of many modern monkeys and apes.

Judging from examination of its eye sockets, *Aegyptopithecus*, unlike some of its rivals, was a diurnal creature, one that was active mostly in daylight. This implies that *Aegyptopithecus* lived in groups, rather than by itself as do many nocturnal animals. It also means that there was probably extensive visual and vocal communication between the member animals. Such socialization would have put stresses on them, requiring them to be more assertive, courageous and competitive than if they had lived by themselves—which in turn could have fostered brain growth. Indeed, says Kay, *Aegyptopithecus'* cranial capacity of about 30 cc (1.8 cu. in.) was larger, relative to its body size, than that of any of its mammalian contemporaries.

When Simons began unearthing scattered *Aegyptopithecus* fragments in the 1960s, he could only speculate about the primate's place in the evolutionary past. From the latest group of fossils, he is convinced that it was the immediate forebear of *Dryopithecus*, a more advanced primate that first appeared in Africa 8 million years later; that was not long before the crucial split in the evolutionary tree that produced one branch leading to the apes, another to man. Simons is so sure of *Aegyptopithecus'* place in the evolutionary scheme that he has taken to calling the beast "the dawn ape." ■

***Aegyptopithecus zeuxis*, the oldest common ancestor of apes and man**

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The Still Pristine Caribbean

Six islands in the Antilles where Lesser is more

Believe me, Sire, these countries far surpass all the rest of the world in beauty and conveniency.

—Christopher Columbus, writing to King Ferdinand of Spain from the West Indies, circa 1492

Columbus was one of the few travel writers in history who actually discovered the paradises they praised. To be sure, he could not say much for West Indian cookery in his day. Among the then dominant Carib Indians, who were cannibals, *la nouvelle cuisine* consisted of smoked or stewed Spaniard, followed in later years by *filet* of Frenchman and Londoner broil. Nor, for that matter, before paths were cleared through jungles and up mountains, could a seafaring man more than sense the islands' dazzling diversity of terrain or the richness of their flora and fauna. Since Columbus first gazed on what was to be for three centuries the main corridor for settlement of the New World, the islands have accumulated an asset more precious than all the gold that was not there: people, of almost every ethnic origin, melded into distinct and assertively individual societies.

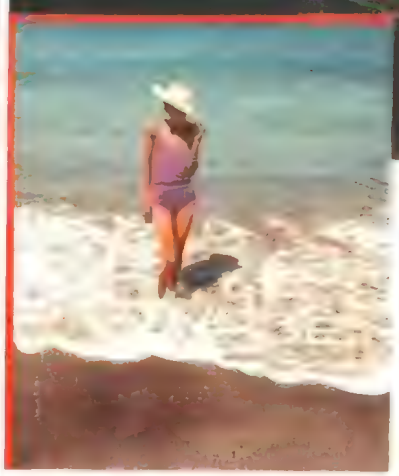
From the days of Columbus, most of the islands have been ravaged by colonial strife. Since World War II, many have been despoiled by commercial neocolonialists, with their genius for blanketing beach and meadow with concrete and neon. Few travelers in search of tranquillity and an authentic native culture would risk their dollars or digestions today on such tourist emporiums as San Juan and St. Maarten. The American Virgins have mostly been deflowered by developers; St Croix has seen mindless racial killing. Trinidad and Jamaica, Barbados and the Bahamas have become tourist traps. Cuba and, to some extent, Haiti have been mutated; Castroism is infecting other islands, notably Grenada. In many parts of the West Indies, political, economic and social unrest are curdling the coconut milk.

Yet there are islands in the 2,000-mile-long Antillean archipelago that are still near pristine, islands without racial tension or xenophobia, islands with opalescent beaches, lush rain forests and brooding volcanic peaks, islands laved by waters that American Writer Lafcadio Hearn described a century ago as "flaming lazulite." Here the visitor will meet with hospitality and good humor as unflagging as the cool, dry trade winds.

The backwater Bali Hais are to be found in the Leeward Islands, which are

Photographs for TIME by David Burnett/Contact

On Statia, a New Yorker cavorts in Atlantic spray; The Quill broods over town and old fort



On Montserrat, a mildly active volcano puffs sulfur and a black beauty suns on black sands

Erin West, where the dark Irish eyes are smiling and the folks are "Me dey easy."

part of the Lesser Antilles, south and east of Puerto Rico: Dutch-ruled St. Eustatius, better known as Statia, and Saba; French St. Barthélemy, a.k.a. St. Barts; and the British islands of Anguilla, Montserrat and Barbuda. These islands were named but largely ignored by the Spanish because they offered little promise of quick riches; for the most part, they have scant rainfall and thin soil. Thus they were generally spared the excesses of European rivalry that devastated rich plantation colonies like Jamaica, Trinidad, Cuba and Hispaniola. They also have escaped exploitation. They cannot be reached by direct flight from the U.S. or Europe, and they closely regulate development of any kind.

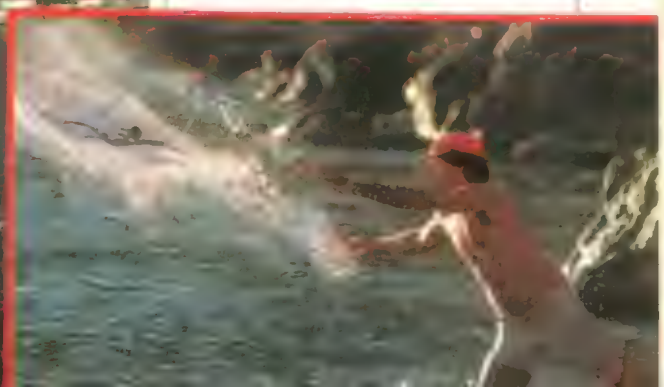
These islands provide more than an escape hatch. They offer a discovery of different cultures. No casinos there, no high-rise hotels. But Lesser can be more. Few of the small Leewards have room for as many as 200 tourists. Few are ever visited by cruise ships. They are politically and socially tranquil, and virtually crime-free. As Belgian-born Bishop Antoine Demets said of Montserrat to TIME's Georgia Harbison, "Here a family spirit reigns. All the mountains and valleys are of shoulder height."

The islands glitter with bright, swooping birds, whose local names are often as colorful as their plumage: the sugarbird or bananaquit; eight varieties of tern, one known as kill-'em-Polly; five endemic warblers, one called Betsey-kick-up or Mary-shake-well; the common stilt or crackpot soldier; the mangrove cuckoo or 4 o'clock bird; the magnificent frigate, and the brown pelican, with its beak holding more than its belican.

The blue-green seas are a delight for sailors, swimmers and snorkelers. Through submarine gardens of coral and undulating sea fern dart brilliant damselfish and trumpetfish, butterfly and angelfish. The waters teem with spiny lobster *(langouste);* with crab, shrimp and snapper, as well as bass and swordfish. Ashore, the islands are ablaze with hibiscus, bougainvillaea, begonia, poinciana, wild orchids, frangipani, red and orange flame trees, wild ginger. Mangoes, avocados, coconuts, papayas, limes and grapefruits flourish, along with such tropical staples as cassava, spinach-like calalu, calabaza (the West Indian pumpkin), the squash called christophene, and soursop, a fine fruit to squeeze into rum.

With such bounteous raw materials, a meal can be a discovery in itself. On Montserrat, dinner may include "goat water," a ragout of kid, or "mountain chicken," crisp, fried legs of bullfrog. A dish unique to Anguilla is a brochette marinated in pineapple juice and dark molasses; a Creole specialty of St. Barts is a casserole made with cassava, calalu and other tropical vegetables. Conch (pronounced conk) fritters and chowder are delicacies anywhere. The drinks are equally exotic. On

On St. Barts, sleek yachts gather in Gustavia's harbor; a fisherman casts a translucent net



On Barbuda, where the land belongs equally to all, a hunter sets out to bag some birds

Statia, a kind of tea called mauby is made from the bark of a tree; when mixed with rum, they say, it makes "an old man young and a young man younger." Sabans serve a rum-based liqueur called Spice that would sink a buccaneer

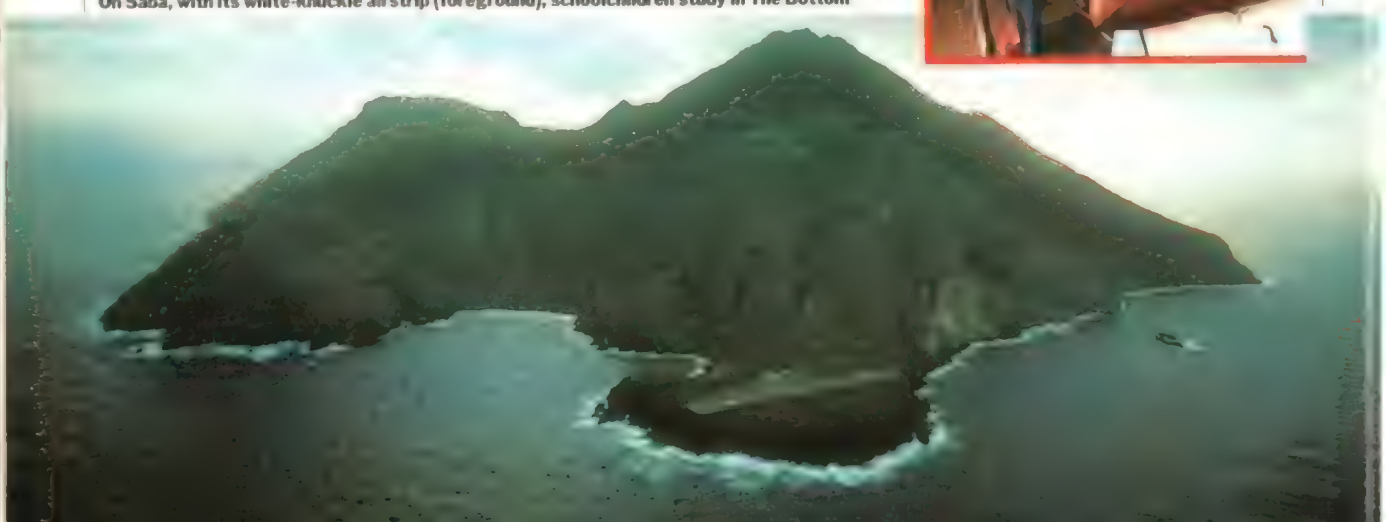
The real spice of the islands is talk — and very good talk it can be. The lingua franca of the Lesser Antilles is English, though it is not always understood on St Barts, where the blacks also speak Creole and villagers of Breton and Norman descent converse in varied patois. While Dutch is their official language, few Statians or Sabans ever use it. Many, however, do speak Papiamento, the merry island mélange of Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, French, English and African dialects (*"Bon tim ni un quenta ta coppé tras mi mucha muhé; bai hombre sushi, i lagele na paz."* Translation: "You have no business chasing my girl; go away, you nasty man, and leave her alone")

Going away or getting there is not always easy. Because the Leewards mostly have short runways—landing on Saba's 1,300-ft. strip is like putting down on an aircraft carrier—visitors to these islands can go by jet only as far as St. Maarten; from there they proceed either by boat or Windward Islands Airways International (Winair). For Montserrat and Barbuda, the traveler flies to Antigua and then takes LIAT, acronym for Leeward Island Air Transport. On to the islands.

Statia: The Past Is Future. A little old lady answered the shrilling phone at 3 a.m. "Your oil shipment will be a day late," said the American-accented voice at the other end. "That's all right, mon," allowed the lady. "You'll tell 'em at the dock?" the American continued. "No trouble, mon." The conversation became progressively more surreal until the Statian woman inquired: "Where you callin' from, mon?" "Saudi Arabia. Where are you, for Pete's sake?" "St. Eustatius, mon." "St. *What?*"

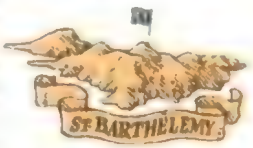
It's not every day that a call from Riyadh to Buenos Aires is misdirected to Statia, but a mention of the island evokes an identical response from almost everyone: St. *What?* It was not always so. In its

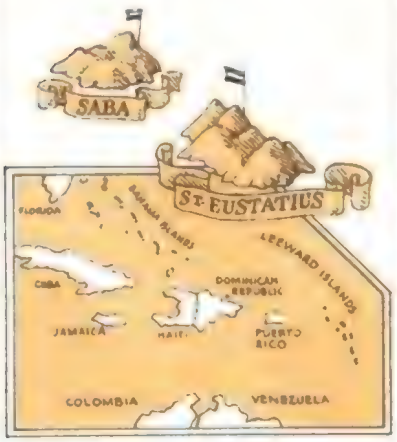
On Saba, with its white-knuckle airstrip (foreground), schoolchildren study in The Bottom



18th century heyday, 8-sq.-mi. St. Eustatius was the richest free port in the Americas, with a population of more than 8,000 (now 1,400), visited by 3,000 ships a year. During the American Revolutionary War, vessels from Statia (pronounced *Stay*-shuh) shuttled arms and supplies to the rebellious colonies. On Nov. 16, 1776, the armed North American brigantine *Andrew Doria*, flying the Great Union

flag, dropped anchor in the harbor and was accorded an eleven-gun salute by the Dutch governor. Thus, as noted on a plaque presented to the island by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, "the sovereignty of the United States of America was first formally acknowledged" by a foreign power. In 1781 London dispatched Admiral George Brydges Rodney to punish the Statian "nest of vipers." Wrote Rodney: "Had it not been for this infamous island, the American Revolution could not possibly have subsisted." In five months Rodney stripped the Golden Rock of booty then





worth as much as £4 million (as high as $100 million by today's values). The island never recovered from Rodney's revenge, and after 17 changes of ownership over 150 years, involving the English, Dutch and the French, St. Eustatius finally settled down in 1816 as a declining Dutch colony in the Leewards.*

Today there are twice as many goats as people on the island, as many donkeys as cars. Since the collapse of the plantation economy in the early 19th century, Statians have struggled for a living as fishermen or small farmers—or emigrated to other islands. Though The Hague takes care of their essential needs, they remain proudly poor.

The island is dominated by The Hills and The Quill, volcanic cones, now extinct. Climbing to the peak of The Quill (1,800 ft.) with a verdant rain forest in its crater is a not too strenuous 80-min. hike. An old Dutch command post, Fort Oranjestad, built on French foundations in 1636, is a neat little 16-cannon salute to colonial glories. This and several other of the island's 17 original forts are on a walking tour laid out by Statia's energetic historical foundation. One of the best beaches is on Tumble Down Dick Bay, apparently named after Oliver Cromwell's son and ill-starred successor as Lord Protector of England. The beaches on the brooding, windswept Atlantic side are more for roving than for swimming.

Statia has two of the pleasantest inns on the islands, the Moushay Bay Publick House and the Old Gin House, facing on Gallows Bay. They are in fact a single entity, across the road from each other, with guests flowing to and fro, and a total of 23 rooms. Four-course dinners deftly blend West Indian, Continental and American cuisine. The owners plan to expand their Inns of Gallows Bay with three additional connected buildings. Other hotels are sure to follow. Also with an eye to tourism, the Dutch government is funding restoration of historic ruins. As they say on Statia, "Our past is our future."

Saba: Talking Rock. After the white-knuckle landing on Saba's mini-airstrip, navigating the island's single tortuous road provides more sustained excitement, particularly if the cab driver is Bobby Every, whose red taxi carries the bumper sticker: ISLAND TOURS, REASONABLE STORIES. Everyone has stories to tell, many about the far corners of the earth to which Sabans have voyaged as sailors. Though anecdotes, reasonable and unreasonable, are the island's main crop, fishermen, farmers and craftsmen also do well.

Saba (pronounced *Say*-buh) is a Dutch colony, half white, half black (pop. 1,020); its original white settlers were mostly dispossessed Scots. The island, a lush volcanic rock soaring 3,000 ft. from the sea, has no beaches or sports facilities, though some visitors find the hike up steep Mount Scenery worth the risk of a heart attack. The big excitement comes on Saturday night in the village of The Bottom, where the Soul Redemption provides rockalypso loud enough to raise the dead. There are several attractive inns, with a total capacity of 25 rooms. Sabans call their home "Unspoiled Queen." It is.

Anguilla: Three-Pedal Languor. On Anguilla, a rich man runs a "machine-go"; humbler folk own "three-pedals." Translation: the rich man's car has automatic drive; the poor man's, stick shift. There are few machine-goes on the island. Anguilla (pop. 6,000), so christened by the Spaniards because it is shaped like an eel, is one of the few Caribbean islands that have been occupied by the same power since it was first settled by the British in 1650. The 35-sq.-mi. coral-limestone atoll is a crown colony; in fact, it was occupied all over again by British paratroops and bobbies in March 1969, making headlines around the world. The bloodless invasion, dubbed the Bay of Piglets, was nominally triggered by the islanders' refusal to accept a British-sponsored proposal for independence in association with the economically more advanced islands of St. Kitts and Nevis. In 1971 the Eel That Squealed was once again accepted by Westminster as a separate dependency.

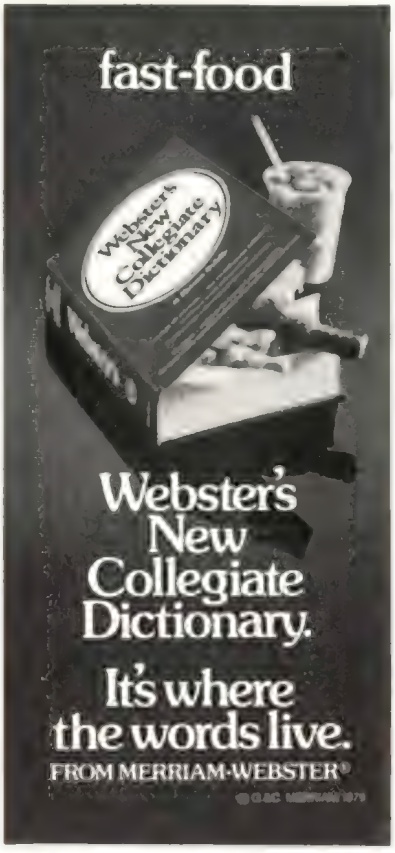
The second British coming turned out well. Royal Engineers improved the roads and installed a telephone system. Though the island now is staking its future on tourism, a proposal for a 150-room hotel was turned down flat because Anguillans liked neither the design nor its sponsors. Three smaller hotels and a health spa are now abuilding, however. It is one of the few islands on which cricket is not the No. 1 sport; Anguilla's passion is a special kind of sailboat racing. The undecked, gaily striped hulls, built solely for the August regattas and manned by six men each, do not have keels; instead, ballast of iron and rocks is shifted around inboard.

Anguilla (pronounced Ong-*wil*-luh) has 30 talc-sand beaches and gentle waters. There are two tennis courts and two more on the way. A growing number of yachts are available for bareboat charter. The Wallblake House, a handsomely rebuilt 18th century structure, is being converted into a museum that may contain some relics of the Carib* Indians. Night life extends to conversation, backgammon and sea-lulled sleep. There are only two hotels, with a total of 30 rooms. Rendezvous Bay, presided over by the patriarchal Jeremiah Gumbs, faces onto a cres-

*So-called because they are downwind of the prevailing northeasterly trade winds. Though the entire Lesser Antilles chain was known to the Spaniards as the Windward Islands—Islas de Barlovento—the group running from the Virgins to Guadeloupe is now known as the Leewards

*The fierce, feared Caribs are a virtually extinct race. A small colony of the Indians, now mixed with other bloods, survives on Dominica. The Caribs gave their name to the Caribbees, as the Elizabethans called the Caribbean, which thus should properly be pronounced Cari-*bee*-an, not Ca-*rib*-ean

Drawings for TIME by Charles Slackman



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cent beach; Cul de Sac is straight out of a Waugh novel (Evelyn or Alec). Its scattered villas and a main building were put up two decades ago by Ruth Goodnow, a Boston heiress who, as captain of a 99-ft. schooner, had earlier been known as the toughest cargo skipper in the Caribbean. Mrs. Goodnow boasts that she has never charged a guest for a drink.

St. Barts: Saint-Tropez West. Roadside signs proclaim that NUDISME EST FORMELLEMENT INTERDIT. The signs are frequently swiped by souvenir hunters, but are largely ignored anyway. Along miles of empty beaches and coves where swimmers informally cavort in the altogether, topless bathers are almost as common as the Australian-built Mini-Mokes that are the principal form of transportation.

Twenty minutes by air from Saba, St. Barts is administered as part of a French *département*—and a swinging outpost of Southern France. Often likened to the Saint-Tropez of 20 years ago, the 8-sq.-mi. island boasts 36 restaurants, French bakeries, discos, wind surfing, sailing, a harbor full of yachts, elegant boutiques and enough local eccentrics to fill a Truffaut film. However, St. Barts—named by Columbus for his brother Bartolomeo—is more than a transplanted French beach resort. It is a beautiful, pastoral island, whose inhabitants—95% of the population of 2,800 are white—are mostly of Breton and Norman descent. In villages perched on the hillsides, older women still wear *quichenottes*, the starched white bonnets of Brittany. Some of the countryfolk have never traveled the dozen miles to Gustavia, the capital and only town. They are fisherfolk, sailors, carpenters and masons; the women weave delicate hats *(calèches)* and bags from straw.

Food ranges from the *haute cuisine* of Castelets, an elegant, nine-room hilltop aerie where Bruno Oliver, grandson of the great cook Raymond Oliver, is chef, through the restrained chic of the Marina on the harbor to beachfront bistros. Chez François boasts such surprises as country-and-western bashes; Mme. Jacqua's Auberge du Fort Oscar cooks up some of the best Creole food in the islands. Jean Bart, the biggest hotel, owned by the French PLM chain, is an efficient, friendly place with 50 rooms. Tourist facilities are not likely to expand greatly on St. Barts, since the islanders have no intention of risking social stability or economic security by importing foreign construction workers.

Montserrat: Smiling Black Irish Eyes. Say "How are you?" to a Montserratian and the reply will be "Me dey easy" (I'm easy) in an Irish brogue. The teardrop-shaped, 39½-sq.-mi. atoll (pop. 12,000) calls itself the Emerald Isle of the Caribbean because it was largely settled by Irish Roman Catholic refugees starting in 1632. Montserrat's blacks, now 90% of the population, have owned their land since the early 19th century. They are very much in command of Erin West, and as cheery as their Connemara cousins.

The island was named by Columbus for the great mountaintop monastery in northeastern Spain. Montserrat has a mildly active volcano, Galway Soufrière, which huffs and puffs sulfurous fumes. Seven other sulfur vents mustardize the air above the village of, hah!, Upper Galway. A two-mile hike leads to the Great Alp Waterfalls, a deafening, 90-ft. pour that barefoot Guide Jim Corbet acknowledges is "plenty strong." Corbet's rates ($6 round trip), like taxi fares, are set by the government. Not much else is regulated except the sale of land; this has been planned so that outsiders who build homes will not find themselves in white ghettos.

The Emerald Isle has one of the few playable golf courses (eleven holes) in the Lesser Antilles. Its beaches are of black volcanic sand; the only white sand beach can be reached by a mountain hike or a charter sail. While the food is more plain than fancy, there is one excellent restaurant, Café le Cabotin. The best show in town is at the Vue Pointe, a 40-room bungalow-cottage complex. The hotel becomes *le tout* Montserrat on Wednesday nights, when steel bands like the Montserrat Symphony perform.

Barbuda: The Gentle Isle. Nearly 75% of its 62 sq. mi. is beach: endless, empty stretches of white sand glimmering in the roseate reflection of billions of tiny shells. Barbuda (pronounced Bar-*byou*-duh), which has one of the Caribbean's few bird sanctuaries, also offers the area's best hunting: white crown pigeon, guinea hen, duck, fallow deer and feral boar.

Barbudians, who are known as "the gentle people," own every inch of ground as common property. Strikingly handsome and articulate, they are the descendants of slaves selected for breeding by their 18th century British owner on the basis of physique, looks and intelligence. Barbuda (pop. 1,200) has only one village, Codrington, no telephones, no paved roads, and only three Jeeps available for visitors.

Apart from the exclusive Coco Point Lodge, open only from December through April and "booked solid" at $245 per couple per day, the only place to stay is Le Village Soleil, a charming cottage-style hotel that can put up 20 guests. One way to dip toes in this particular paradise is to take a day trip by plane, swim, see the bird sanctuary, savor the langouste—and lay plans for a longer visit later. — *Michael Demarest*

People

Horsebreeder-Producer Nichols at Scottsdale with Fantazja

Lights dim, music swells, the curtain twinkles with silver lights. As it lifts, the orchestra strikes up *There She Is, Miss America*, and artificial fog envelops the stage. No wonder the audience leaps to its feet in wild applause: another smash by **Mike Nichols**, director or producer of such successes as *Catch 22*, *Annie* and *The Odd Couple*. This time, however, Mike is east of Hollywood and way off-off-off Broadway at a barn in Scottsdale, Ariz. His Miss America is a white Arab mare listed unromantically on the program as "Lot No. 1 – Fantazja." Other ingénues should be so lucky. After 17 minutes of brisk bidding, Fantazja sells for a record $450,000. By show's end 31 Nichols-bred Arabians have been knocked down for a total of $2,316,000. Horses are a beguiling pastime for Nichols, who has loved them since childhood and bred Arabians since he could afford to. "This isn't life or death," he explains. "It's based on pleasure."

■

It rather looked as though the Raj had returned to In'ja. Once more the Union Jack fluttered over Delhi's posh Roshanara Club, while pukka sahib types bowled on the cricket pitch. The bar of the Calcutta Light Horse, a regiment founded a century ago, was pink gin–deep in British officers. Some of them, though, looked film-familiar: **Gregory Peck, David Niven, Roger Moore** and **Trevor Howard**. The pseudo sahibs were shooting *The Sea Wolves*, about a daring 1943 attack on a German communications ship anchored off Goa. How did it feel to re-create the days of empire? Said Niven to his Indian hosts, in a line that would never have been heard at the old Roshanara: "I'm surprised you don't kick us out for what we did when we were here."

■

Speak of the devil. First Evangelist **Billy Graham**, in England for a 21-day revival on the Oxbridge campuses, slipped in his bathtub, bruising ribs and brewing a painful case of pleurisy. Then, as an overflow audience of 20,000 jammed Oxford's scruffy town hall to hear a Southern-drawled sermon on sin, a number of students decided to be sophomoric. Some heckled Graham as a fascist, others set off the hall's fire alarm and cut closed-circuit TV cables that were carrying his message to 5,000 listeners in five other auditoriums. The preacher, now 61, took his hazing with saintly calm. "I hope for that sort of thing," he said. "It adds to the excitement."

■

At 63, after 18 years as TV's avuncular anchor, **Walter Cronkite** was talking retirement —even though his current $600,000-a-year contract with CBS *Evening News* has another year to run and his commitment to the network as nonretirable talent is unchanged. Some telegossips said Walter wanted out; others suggested he was helping CBS retain Probable Successor **Dan Rather**, who was being heavily wooed by ABC. Either way Cronkite could certainly leave with honorable profit in other fields.

Pukkas Howard, Peck, Niven and Moore of the Calcutta Light Horse

Cronkite knocking down art

Last week, for instance, he was particularly persuasive as a celebrity auctioneer at a charity sale at Christie's galleries in Manhattan: "Give me a 50, a 50, a 50, let's see a 60, a 65. Don't scratch your nose because I'm very observant." His spiel swiftly sold five lots of porcelain *objets d'art*, raising $1,160 for the World Wildlife Fund. Cronkite said he learned his patter from the Lucky Strike tobacco auctioneers, who were last on radio when he was still a cub wire-service reporter. No matter. Impressed, Christie's Head Auctioneer **Ray Perman** told him, "If you ever want to work for us, you get very good prices."

On the Record

Gene Saks, director of the upcoming Broadway comedy *Save Grand Central*: "It's about young white Anglo-Saxon Protestants. Isn't it time we had a play about them?"

Ella Grasso, Connecticut Governor, presenting her legislature with a sharply higher-tax lower-spending budget to cover unexpected deficits: "This will be very brief—bare facts to cover bare bones."

John W. Mazzola, president of Manhattan's Lincoln Center: "Without the arts, New York would be Bayonne, N.J. And I grew up in Bayonne, N.J."

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WE'VE HAD ONE BUILT FOR YOU.

Cinema

Al Pacino in *Cruising*: a bonanza of publicity, an explosive premise but muffled drama

Cop-Out in a Dark Demimonde

CRUISING *Directed and Written by William Friedkin*

By making *Cruising*, William Friedkin was asking for trouble. This detective melodrama has something to offend almost everyone: the plot concerns a string of sex murders, and the main setting is Manhattan's unsavory demimonde of sadomasochistic homosexual bars. Last summer, gay activists picketed *Cruising's* locations, charging that the film would stir anti-gay violence. Two weeks ago, a big theater chain threatened to cancel *Cruising's* bookings on the grounds that the film merited an X rather than its official R rating. When the movie opens nationwide this week, more protests may follow. Certainly *Cruising* will continue to get a bonanza of free publicity.

Is the uproar justified? Not entirely. True, Friedkin (*The French Connection, The Exorcist*) is up to his usual grisly tricks: the killings are gruesome, and the simulation of S-M couplings will appall many moviegoers of all sexual persuasions. Yet *Cruising* is not anti-gay, any more than a film like *American Gigolo* is anti-heterosexual. Friedkin repeatedly—even tediously—reminds the audience that the S-M crowd is but a small, atypical subculture within a diverse homosexual world.

The real problem with *Cruising* is Friedkin's inability to deliver what should have been a brilliant thriller about sex and death. This film muffles a potentially explosive premise. In order to trap a psychopathic murderer who preys on gays, Cop Steve Burns (Al Pacino) adopts a fictive homosexual identity and blends into the rough S-M scene. Gradually he zeroes in on the killer, but not without paying a weird price: Burns begins to lose his real-life grip on heterosexuality. In the movie's view, this is not necessarily a bad thing. *Cruising's* gay protesters notwithstanding, Friedkin in fact seems to be coming out in favor of androgyny.

The film makes good on its ambitions only sporadically. Friedkin is as skilled at capturing the ways of hard-boiled cops as he is at depicting the sweaty haunts of dangerous sex. The film's psychosexual turmoil is heightened still further by the director's linkage of these two milieus: gays cruise in cop costumes, and off-duty cops cruise in S-M drag. Both worlds are inhabited by such fine character actors as Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox and Don Scardino.

Still, *Cruising's* most crucial matters are hopelessly fouled up. As a simple detective story, the film is defeated by narrative loopholes, unconvincing plot twists and the last-minute injection of a demon who seems to have drifted in, half-baked, from *The Exorcist*. The psychological drama is forfeited by the handling of the central character. Though Pacino is in sensitive, even witty, form, he just does not have enough to do. Except for a few costume changes and some brief, cryptic conversations with his girlfriend (Karen Allen), his personality transformation is left undramatized. There are no scenes that clearly show Burns' descent into a personal hell or his growing sexual ambivalence. Such sequences would have been tough to write and trying to act, but they are definitely needed. Though *Cruising* may go too far for some audiences as it is, it fails as a film by refusing to go far enough.

— *Frank Rich*

Milestones

EXPECTING. **Susan Ford Vance,** 22, only daughter of former President Gerald Ford and Wife Betty; and **Charles Vance,** 38, formerly a Secret Service agent assigned to the Fords, now a partner in an Anaheim, Calif., bodyguard/protection firm; their first child, the Fords' second grandchild.

BORN. To **Alexander Karageorgevitch,** 34, Chicago insurance executive and Crown Prince of Yugoslavia, whose late father King Peter II fled his country during World War II; and his wife of eight years, **Maria da Gloria,** 33, a cousin of Spain's King Juan Carlos and a great-great-granddaughter of Pedro II, the last emperor of Brazil; their first child; in Chicago. Name: **Peter.**

DIED. **Howard Dalton,** 42, Washington State businessman; of lung cancer; in Seattle. After he learned of his disease in 1978, Dalton launched a campaign for legislation to waive the five-month waiting period required before terminally ill people can receive Social Security disability benefits; while the House is still considering the idea, the Senate passed the Dalton amendment on Jan. 30.

DIED. **Ray Garrett Jr.,** 59, chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission from 1973 to 1975; of cancer; in Evanston, Ill. Garrett won abolition of fixed commission rates on stock transactions. This caused turmoil in the brokerage industry, but it mainly benefited large institutions; for small investors, commissions have actually risen.

DIED. **William H. Stein,** 68, American biochemist who shared a 1972 Nobel Prize with a Rockefeller University colleague, Stanford Moore, for unraveling the chemical composition of ribonuclease, an enzyme that, with 124 amino acid components, was twice as complex as any previously analyzed protein; of polyneuritis, a polio-like disease that had crippled him since 1969; in New York City.

DIED. **Ray Heindorf,** 71, Hollywood composer and longtime music director for Warner Bros., who won Oscars for his scores of *Yankee Doodle Dandy* (1942), *This Is the Army* (1943) and the film adaptation of *The Music Man* (1962); in Los Angeles.

DIED. **Baroness Edith Summerskill,** 78, feisty former chairman of Britain's Labor Party (1954-55) and lifelong women's rights advocate; of a heart attack; in London. A practicing physician, Summerskill won a seat in Parliament in 1938 and shocked fellow M.P.s by insisting on retaining her maiden name. Though she lost her campaign to have housewives paid for their domestic labors, she won legislative battles to ensure women equal status with their husbands in property rights and other financial matters.

ROBERTO ROSSI

Better-Buy-Now Mentality

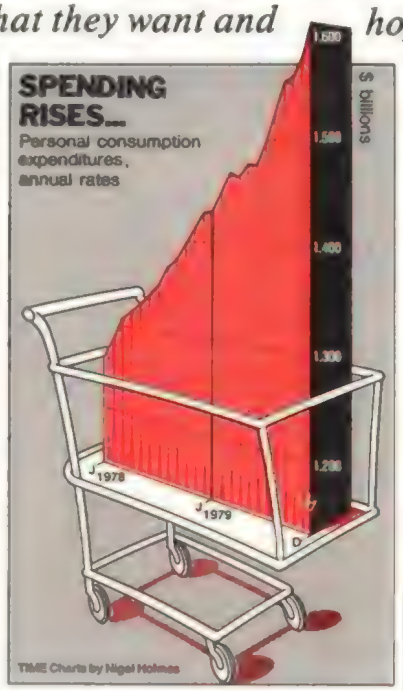
Consumers are getting what they want and hoping to pay later

"We've bought everything we could get our hands on—buy it now and pay it back later with cheaper dollars." So says Walter Salvi, 36, a Boston public relations man. Like millions of other inflation-savvy consumers, Salvi, his wife and three children have caused wonder and befuddlement for the economics profession. Since interest rates are at their highest levels in a century, and the economy is by all accounts poised for its second slump in six years, experts have been predicting for months that people would soon start to cut back on spending and borrowing, and stash away more of their cash in the worry that hard times lie ahead. So much for fine economic theories.

With living costs locked in double digits for twelve consecutive months and no end to the spiral in sight, people are losing faith that inflation will ever come down. They are spending their paychecks as fast as they get them, cutting the nation's already low savings rate still further, pushing up credit, bloating the money supply, and generally intensifying the inflationary menace that they fear the most.

Not only has the staying power of the spree confounded and amazed economists, but it has also put off the widely predicted recession. Some economic reversal is probably necessary if the nation is to make even minimal progress in slowing inflation. Yet so long as consumer spending, which accounts for nearly two-thirds of the U.S.'s gross national product, stays strong, the economy is unlikely to ease down, and inflation is all but certain to remain oppressive.

The inflation outlook has grown bleaker, and the Carter Administration has prepared a budget-swelling 5.4% rise, above and beyond inflation, in defense spending for the fiscal year beginning in October. Largely because investors expect more inflation, Wall Street's trillion-dollar corporate and Government bond market last week took its biggest pummeling in years. Investors buy bonds to collect interest, but when the inflation rate is higher than the interest rate, the resale value of the bonds goes down. During the week, bond prices plunged through the floor, and interest rates rose to an unprecedented level of nearly 12% for U.S. Treasury bonds and more than 13% for Triple-A issues; many of those securities do not expire until well into the 21st century. The bond slump hurt not only substantial investors but also millions of members of pension plans and profit-sharing funds that hold bonds or other debt-related investments.



Because of inflation, real wages declined last year and average personal income from all sources was flat. So how much longer can consumers keep on spending and spending? None of the experts really knows, but all have been surprised by the American's insistence on maintaining his living standard and his ability to do so in the face of adversity.

More than simply spending what they earn, consumers are borrowing what they have not yet earned and spending that too. Their debt payments are rising, to an estimated 23.5% of disposable income in 1979, and probably will go higher this year. That, in turn, leaves them less to save. The nation's savings rate has plunged from a low 5.5% of income at the beginning of 1979 to a minuscule 3.3%.

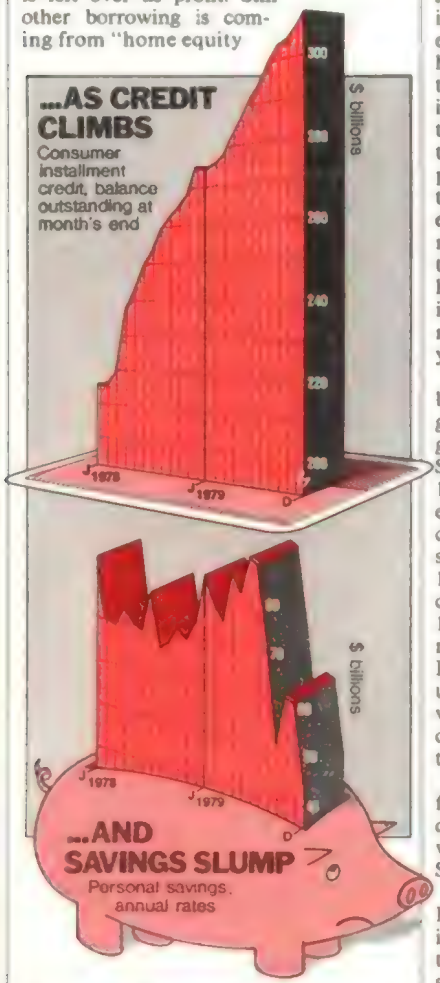
Young adults, who are forming families and plunging into debt to pay for everything from cars to homes to appliances, are particularly heavy borrowers. Reports Albert Sindlinger, the public opinion pollster: "Before 1972, the practice was that if you wanted something you would build up your savings, usually for a down payment, then go into debt for the rest. But exploding inflation has changed all that. Whereas their parents took ten years to furnish their homes, today's young people do it in two weeks." Adds Stan Benson, a Los Angeles consumer credit counselor: "It is not unusual to see a 26-year-old come in here already $10,000 to $12,000 in debt, with an average take-home pay of $1,000 a month, and owing that amount to ten or 15 creditors."

The ingenuity of consumers and lenders has thwarted the Federal Reserve Board's efforts to tighten credit. Money is easily available, in large part because inflation has motivated people to discover new ways to lift borrowing and spending power. Anyone with a decent credit rating can get not just one Master Charge or Visa card but several of every kind—each from a competing bank, and each with credit lines that offer the opportunity to draw cash advances of up to several thousand dollars a month.

Some banks have become more cautious in shoveling out the plastic, but for many more it is simply business as usual. Says William Maulding, senior vice president of Atlanta's Citizens & Southern National Bank: "There has been no tightening of money at C & S. Any customer who meets our standards for a credit card will be issued one. We could make more loan money available this year than last

if the demand were there." At New York's Citibank the average card customer in 1978 used about 38% of his available Visa credit line, but last year that figure rose to 44%.

By cashing in on more and more of the inflationary equity in their homes, people in an economic sense are actually "consuming" their dwellings. Before 1970, net increases in home mortgage debt rarely exceeded $15 billion annually, but since 1977 the borrowing has leaped to close to $100 billion a year. As Economist Alan Greenspan points out, much of the rise has been coming from people who sell their homes at bloated prices, then make the lowest possible down payment on a new and probably even more expensive dwelling, pocketing whatever is left over as profit. Still other borrowing is coming from "home equity



loans," the bankers' euphemism for second mortgages, which at interest rates of as much as 18% or more have become among the trendiest and most profitable items in bank loan portfolios.

Tens of billions of dollars more in consumer spending are streaming into the economy as a result of the very thing that the Federal Reserve Board had hoped would slow spending: high interest rates. As short-term rates have climbed higher and higher, savers have switched in overwhelming numbers from low-interest bank savings accounts to the ultra-high-yielding money market funds managed by big investment firms. In the past twelve months, the funds' assets leaped from $11 billion to $45 billion; and the funds' customers are spending their high interest payments. Until now, the Fed has not even counted the funds' assets in any of its various measurements of the nation's money supply, but last week it belatedly began doing so.

To prevent banks and savings and loan institutions from being drained dry of deposits, federal regulators have authorized banks to offer affluent customers six-month time deposit accounts, for a minimum of $10,000, at interest rates competitive with the money market funds. The result: depositors have been pulling their money out of the 5% accounts, putting it right back into the six-month accounts, and automatically at least doubling their interest earnings. This has increased the payout costs of the banks and forced them not only to lend out money at higher rates but also to find means of luring more and more borrowers. One popular tactic: increasing the attractiveness of a high-interest loan for, say, a car or home improvement, by stretching out the permissible payback time from perhaps three years to four.

Most economists are gamely sticking by their forecasts that consumers will begin retrenching soon. Says Gary Wenglowski, chief economist of the Goldman Sachs investment firm: "We think that 1980 will end up being a somewhat weaker consumer year than 1979. There will certainly be no collapse, but consumer spending is likely to be down by about 1% in the fourth quarter of this year as compared with the fourth quarter of 1979." One sign that Wenglowski may be right came last week when the Federal Reserve released installment credit figures for December. During 1979 as a whole, such credit grew at a brisk 13% clip, but in December the increase eased to a 6% annual rate.

A small but increasing number of officials and economists are calling for a quick fix that would make everything worse: wage and price controls. Besides Senator Edward Kennedy, former Administration Inflation Fighter Barry Bosworth and Brookings Institution President Bruce MacLaury have now reluctantly endorsed mandatory controls. Any such program would create distortions throughout the economy and bring about shortages of many goods, yet would not inhibit the price rises for food and energy, and ultimately would have to be scrapped anyway. Then the prices that had been artificially held down would explode.

If consumer spending slows, the appeal of wage and price controls will diminish. But if the nation's shopping spree continues much longer, there is no telling what dangers lie ahead. ■

Brandt Sounds the Tocsin

To trim the world's wealth gap

Reshaping worldwide North-South relations has become a crucial commitment to the future of mankind. We believe this to be the greatest challenge to mankind for the remainder of this century.

With that dramatic call to action, former West German Chancellor Willy Brandt this week presents his long-awaited report on the Gordian problem of relations between rich and poor nations. With a barrage of chilling statistics and often eloquent prose, the 1971 Nobel Peace prizewinner proposes a summit of some 25 world leaders to focus on "mutual interests in the field of peace, justice and jobs." While charging that the "air is thick with alibis for inaction," he says that nothing less than a summit will concentrate world attention on the "mortal dangers threatening our children and grandchildren."

ROBERT KUBOMAN

The former Chancellor makes a point

Calls for North-South détente.

Three years ago, World Bank President Robert S. McNamara asked Brandt to head a private study on the unsettled and potentially explosive relations between industrialized and developing countries. Joining Brandt were 17 other luminaries, including such former heads of government as Chile's Eduardo Frei, Britain's Edward Heath and Sweden's Olof Palme. Americans on the Brandt commission were Katharine Graham, chairman of the Washington Post Co., and Peter G. Peterson, chairman of the Wall Street investment bank of Lehman

Brothers Kuhn Loeb. The group held ten meetings over a two-year period and consulted experts ranging from Henry Kissinger to Economist Barbara Ward.

The North-South problem as presented by the 225-page report is both serious and growing worse. World stability and peace are threatened by the disparity between industrially rich but sometimes materials-poor nations concentrated in the Northern Hemisphere and the industrially poor but often materials-rich, the yearning, the demanding, the mostly nonwhite nations in what is roughly called the Southern Hemisphere.

Three-quarters of humankind is living on only one-fifth of the world's income. The commission report adds that 800 million people exist in desperate poverty. One American today uses as much commercial energy as nine Mexicans, 16 Chinese or 1,072 Nepalese. More than 90% of the total manufacturing capacity is located in wealthy developed countries, which increasingly block imports of industrial products from the poor nations. The explosion of oil prices has pushed the needy countries into a bleak house of poverty. The combined debt of the Third World has grown from $70 billion at the end of 1970 to $300 billion today.

In an "emergency program" for 1980-85, the Brandt report proposes four steps:

Increased Development Aid. An additional $30 billion beyond the $20 billion annually already provided by the developed countries is deemed necessary. The International Monetary Fund is also encouraged to expand its gold sales, with the proceeds being used to subsidize loans to poor countries. The commission urges the World Bank and other international organizations to guarantee commercial bank loans to developing nations.

Energy Cooperation. In a most ambitious suggestion, the commission calls for an "accommodation between oil-producing and -consuming countries." Petroleum exporting nations, on their side, would guarantee levels of production and avoid sudden, large price increases. In return, the developed countries would commit themselves to a stiff conservation program and agree to index the price of oil to the real value of a group of strong currencies. The report also urges an all-out program to discover new oil and gas deposits in Third World countries.

Food. The commission proposes an intensive program to increase food production in the South. An additional $8 billion a year in agricultural development aid would be spent, and meager world emergency food stocks should be increased from 350,000 tons to as much as 750,000 tons.

Economic Reform. The group proposes the creation of a new international financial institution where the poor countries would have a stronger voice in bankrolling further development. Brandt calls for the establishment of an international tax, perhaps on trade or arms shipments, with the proceeds going to the poorer nations. The troubled world money system should be reformed to restore greater stability among the leading currencies.

The full Brandt commission recommendations for the 1980s and '90s are a combination of the ambitious and realistic plus the romantic and impractical. The report correctly points out that nations spend $450 billion a year on arms but only $20 billion annually on official development aid. But Brandt's suggested tax on the export of war matériel is likely to be as quickly forgotten as the 1928 Kellogg-Briand treaty outlawing all wars. The commission rightly points out the past weakness of United Nations organizations in dealing with North-South problems but then proposes a new U.N. agency that would coordinate all the other bodies. This unfortunately would result in another set of well-paid international civil servants jetting around the world conducting still more studies and holding still more meetings. The money might be better spent on aid projects themselves rather than on studies and discussions about aid projects.

But the Brandt commission hits several targets accurately. Its proposal for an organized dialogue between oil producers and oil consumers could be one small step for mankind. The run-up in petroleum prices has now got so out of control that it is harming both OPEC and the industrialized countries. Higher oil prices cause more global inflation, which in turn wipes out much of the real earnings from higher-priced oil. The OPEC countries have interests beyond these self-defeating price rises, such as guaranteeing their investments in the West and speeding their own modernization. The goals of the oil producers and the oil consumers would best be treated together.

The Brandt report wisely criticizes rich nations for erecting trade barriers against the developing world's new exports, such as shoes, TV sets and clothing. Most poor nations can escape from poverty only if they can find buyers for some of their manufactured products as well as their commodities. The report states bluntly: "A key problem, which has to be solved if long-term world growth is to reach and stay at higher levels, is that of access to Northern markets for the South's manufactures."

In a development program, South American Indian children learn to write

What is needed is for trade barriers to decline and entrepreneurs to rise.

The most significant shortcoming in the Brandt commission treatment of North-South relations, however, is its limited attention paid to the role of the private sector. The report looks to government rather than to individual initiative to solve the problems of development. The study calls the establishment of "efficient planning" one of the most important tasks of poor countries and urges taxes on capital gains. Thus while the commission would build up the new class of bureaucrats, it virtually ignores the crucial need for an entrepreneurial class. Yet the past decade's development success stories in Brazil, Hong Kong, South Korea, the Ivory Coast and many other advanced developing nations have shown the importance of private sector initiative and profits in motivating economic takeoff.

Unlike many studies of North-South problems, the report does not try to win support for Third World development on the basis of charity or the "white man's burden." The Brandt commission argues strict mutual interest. The economic travails of the past decade have shown the interdependence of nations. Stagnation in the developing world results in reduced imports of machinery and food from the industrialized countries. Slow growth in the North likewise can be devastating for economies in the South. Says the report: "The world economy is now functioning so badly that it damages both the immediate and the longer-run interests of all nations. The search for solutions is not an act of benevolence but a condition of mutual survival." Both peace and continued prosperity in the industrialized nations will depend on success in developing the Third World. ■

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THE SHAPE TR7

Playing Rental Roulette

Skyscraper prices leave apartment seekers flat broke

The newspaper ad described it as a "charming penthouse with fireplace" in a "restored town house." But when the apartment-hunting couple gave a taxi driver the address in lower Manhattan's East Village, he blurted: "That's the combat zone! I'm not going there, buddy." The couple finally pulled up in front of a building that had rats scurrying up the narrow stairs, cockroaches dancing in the fetid rooms and bars on the narrow windows. The "fireplace" was a drawing with colored flames. Rent? "Well," rasped the agent, "they're asking a thousand, but seeing as how you and the missus could make this a lovely home, you can have it for $950." The couple fled.

TERRY ASHE

For $1,485 a month in Manhattan: an L-shaped living room, one bedroom and free gas

Scurrying rats, dancing roaches and a "fireplace" that was a drawing with colored flames.

In most of the country, the search for a rental apartment ends more often in this kind of frustration than in the acquisition of a *lg 2 bdrm w/wbf, A/C & riv vu.* Vacancy rates in cities such as New York, Chicago and even Kansas City are far below the 5% to 8% that Realtors consider is needed for renters to have a reasonable choice at a fair price. So tight is the market in Manhattan that as an old woman lay dying in her $400-a-month, two-bedroom Gramercy Park apartment, 374 people signed up for the prospective vacancy. It was rented for $1,600 not 15 minutes after she was pronounced dead.

"What we are seeing," says San Francisco Realtor Rosalynn Graham, "is that there are fewer apartments available. Therefore, people have to pay a higher price for them." A two-bedroom apartment that went for $400 a month last year in San Francisco's North Beach today fetches $850. In New York City, where rents have been rising 15% to 20% annually for the past three years, one-bedroom apartments command $1,000 a month and two-bedrooms start at $1,500 in new Manhattan buildings.

Blown to oblivion is the traditional budgetary restriction of paying no more than one-quarter of pretax income for rent. Apartment dwellers are writing checks for as much as 50% of their gross salaries each month and enduring a straitened life-style for everything else: food, clothing, doctor bills, vacations and savings accounts.

Rental housing is becoming scarcer because of demolition, abandonment and especially condomania. In Chicago 60,000 leased apartments have converted to condominiums since 1963, creating a severe housing crunch in parts of the city, notably the fashionable Near North Side. Last year 12,000 New York apartments went cooperative. The trend may accelerate as a result of Citibank's announcement last week that it was making $1 billion in loans available for houses and co-ops.

Very little construction is under way to replace this lost housing. Building costs are stratospheric—often $40,000 and up per two-bedroom unit—and speculators can make more money buying existing properties, raising the rents and selling out a few years later. Construction financing is expensive and difficult to get. Says Robert Mascaro, an Atlanta property manager: "We don't just pick up the phone like we did five or six years ago and say, 'I want $2 million.' "

Rent regulation has spread to nearly 100 cities, and it discourages building. In Los Angeles, San Francisco and several other California cities, voters adopted various controls after many landlords failed to pass along their property tax savings from Proposition 13 in the form of lower rents. Result: construction of additional rental housing in California is at an all-time low. Builders say the return on investment is simply too unattractive.

There is not much relief in sight for the renter, short of moving to cities such as Dallas, Houston, Minneapolis and Atlanta, where housing is plentiful for varying reasons, including no rent controls and mobile populations that create high turnover. But some localities are trying to improve life for the renter. Wichita needs 30,000 workers over the next three years to keep its economy booming, and city fathers recognized that recruiting them would be easier if they had places to live. The city floated a revenue bond issue last April and used the proceeds to make loans at interest rates between 8.5% and 9% available to builders of five rental projects. Spurred by low-interest money, rental construction has surged. The vacancy rate has moved up from one-fifth of 1% last August, but it is still an extremely tight 1.2%. ■

Bullion Bonds

Sunshine's silver standard

Although the nation does not seem ready to return to the gold standard, the soaring prices of precious metals are encouraging one company to have a go at using silver in lieu of money. Sunshine Mining Co., owner of the country's largest silver mine, the Sunshine in the Coeur d'Alene mining district of Idaho, plans to raise $50 million to expand mining operations by issuing silver-backed bonds. In the 19th century bonds were redeemable in gold, but American companies have not offered securities supported by precious metals since 1933.

Sunshine's 15-year bonds will be sold in $1,000 denominations next March, through underwriters Drexel Burnham Lambert, Inc. The company can redeem them in cash or bullion. The amount of silver backing the bonds will be related to the spot-market price of the metal on the day of issue. But if, for example, each bond has 20 oz. of silver behind it, when it is redeemed the holder will receive $1,000 or the value of 20 oz. of silver, whichever is greater. The advantage to Sunshine, which recently escaped a bloody takeover attempt by the silver-coveting Hunt brothers of Dallas, is that bond buyers are expected to accept a lower rate of interest because of the bonds' silver lining. Other potential borrowers are closely watching the issue, since its success could mean cheap money for asset-rich gold-mining and even oil companies. ■

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Where the Atom Is Admired

France presses nuclear power and a waste-treatment idea

In most ways, Malville is a timelessly idyllic French village. Chickens wander the lanes that link the stone farmhouses, while cows graze alongside the clear Rhone River. Yet the hamlet (pop. 50), located about 30 miles east of Lyon, has a strikingly modern feature. Within a large fenced-off area, tall construction cranes hover over a huge concrete cylinder that will contain the world's most advanced nuclear power plant, a fast-breeder reactor christened Super Phénix.

When it begins operating in late 1983, the plant will become the flagship of a program that by the mid-1980s will make France the second largest producer of nuclear power, behind only the U.S. and ahead of West Germany, Japan and the U.S.S.R. France's progress runs counter to the trend in other Western nations, where opponents of atom power and rising costs have impeded its development just as the need for alternatives to oil has become most acute. Only the Soviet Union is developing nuclear energy as assiduously as France.

France now has 16 nuclear power stations in operation (*vs.* 72 in the U.S.). Over the next five years it is scheduled to switch on new facilities at a rate of one every two months. By mid-decade, when 52 plants will be running, the country will be getting 55% of its electricity and a fifth of its total energy from the atom; in the U.S., atomic plants now account for 11.5% of electricity production and less than 4% of total energy needs.

Why has France largely been spared the opposition from environmentalists and others that has blocked nuclear programs elsewhere? President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing credits "the common sense, the intelligence of Frenchmen who have understood perfectly well that we have no important energy resources of our own and that to work, to have jobs, to heat ourselves and to be productive we had to have energy." No major party, including the Communists, is antinuclear. At the same time, France is a highly centralized state that, for better or worse, lacks the legal and administrative checks that allow small pressure groups to halt billion dollar projects. So confident is Giscard of his ability to press a needed program that the week after the accident at Pennsylvania's Three Mile Island last March, he boldly announced a speedup in nuclear-plant construction.

After the oil crisis began in 1973, the French government decided on a crash nuclear program and signed a licensing agreement to build pressurized water reactors adapted from a Westinghouse design. Already the country's nuclear-generated electricity is proving to be 45% cheaper than power from oil-fired plants. By 1985 France expects to reduce its oil-import bill by 28%; at today's prices that means cutting $7 billion from the $25 billion cost.

In the Rhone Valley town of Tricastin, engineers have begun operating a uranium enrichment plant that is designed to diminish European reliance on the U.S. for enriched reactor fuel. To increase the amount of energy they can get from a given amount of uranium, the French also operate one of the world's largest plants for reprocessing spent fuel rods to extract unused uranium 235 and plutonium. But re-treating nuclear fuel this way also produces highly radioactive liquid wastes that must be stored indefinitely. The French now refrigerate the waste and store it in double stainless-steel tanks, sheathed in reinforced concrete then hermetically sealed in a reinforced concrete vault, and buried several meters below ground.

At a plant in Marcoule, near Avignon, scientists are using a simpler system called vitrification. The waste is allowed to cool off for five years, then mixed with borosilicate glass and hardened into a black, solid glass cylinder. Storage is easier because this cylinder occupies only one-sixth the volume of the waste in liquid form. French scientists reckon that if all the nuclear waste that the country generates in the next 20 years were formed into a solid glass cube, each side would measure 53 ft. in length. This glass is expected to resist corrosion and prevent seepage. Creating a waste-treatment industry, France is also reprocessing spent fuel from Japan, West Germany, The Netherlands, Belgium, Sweden and Switzerland. The waste is to be returned to the country of origin, probably in the form of glass cylinders.

Most striking of all is the French commitment to fast-breeder reactors like Super Phénix, which produce or "breed" more fuel than they consume. That is because breeders, which are fueled by plutonium and uranium 238, generate more plutonium than is "burned" during the nuclear cycle. The danger is that plutonium, if it winds up in the wrong hands, can also be used to make nuclear weapons. For this reason President Carter is opposed to the construction of the experimental fast-breeder on the bank of the Clinch River in Tenn. Skeptics argue that Super Phénix, which will cost $1.5 billion —a conventional reactor costs $1 billion —is too expensive. But the plant's builders, a French-Italian-West German consortium, counter that the fast-breeder's electricity will be competitive with oil-generated power. The bonus, says Giscard, is that "if uranium from French soil is used in fast-breeder reactors, we in France will have potential energy reserves comparable to those of Saudi Arabia."

Though there is some opposition to nuclear development—two weeks ago, 20,000 marchers and 15 sheep descended on Plogoff in western Brittany to symbolize the resistance of local farmers to plans for a reactor there—the pro-nuke momentum will be hard to break. A Harris poll conducted after the Three Mile Island accident indicated that 57% of Frenchmen supported their government's nuclear program. Still, Giscard is taking no chances that people might forget the advantages of the atom. Last month he announced a 15% electricity discount to anyone living near a nuclear plant. ■

The Bugey station on the Rhone River: one of the newest of France's 16 reactor sites

A week after the Three Mile Island accident, Giscard stepped up construction of plants.

With Homemade Snow and Dreams of the Past

Eager and determined, Lake Placid prepares to hold the 13th Winter Olympics

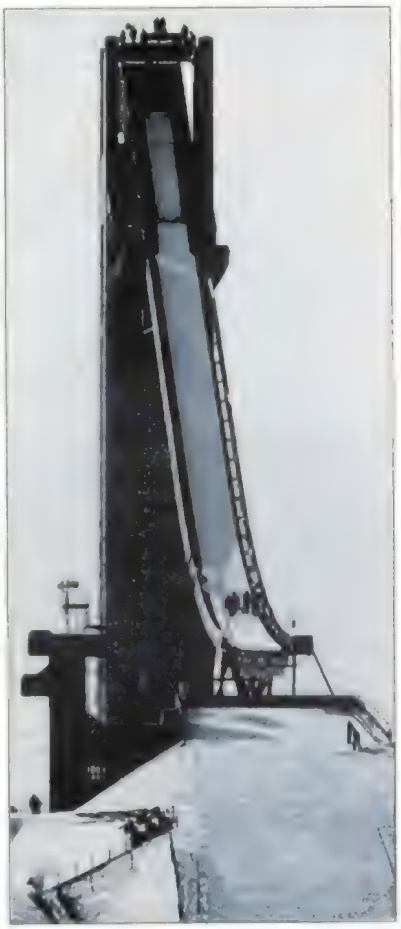
The people of Lake Placid were persistent. Their parents had played host to—and many had competed in—the Winter Olympics of 1932, and they wanted to bring the Games back to their village. Over and over they trooped to meetings of the International Olympic Committee and submitted proposals, only to be snubbed for such fashionable Alpine resorts as Cortina and Innsbruck. When the I.O.C. agreed on an American site for 1960, the nod went to the Sierra Nevadas and Squaw Valley, but still the Lake Placid boosters kept returning, a shade from the Olympics' past that refused to be put to rest.

Now, the dream is coming true. This week, the tiny (pop. 2,997) and casual Adirondack village plays host to the world as athletes from 37 countries, along with journalists and fans from just about everywhere, gather for the 13th Olympic Winter Games. A crew of 200 translators fluent in two dozen or so languages has been brought in to smooth the competitors' way. A Panzer division of vehicles —buses, cars, vans, snowmobiles and four-wheel-drive mountain climbers— has been assembled to transport people and supplies.

Everything is coming together when for so long it looked as if everything would come flying apart. With disarming candor, the local officials who finally managed to bring the Games back to Lake Placid admit that they did not know what they were getting into. The area had world-class skiing slopes, but no support facilities for the Games and no idea of how to go about building them. Says the Rev. Bernard Fell, an ebullient former policeman who is president of the Lake Placid Organizing Committee: "None of us were trained in managing a construction project or picking a contractor. We didn't even know there had to be environmental impact studies, and they've cost us three-quarters of a million bucks."

Last week Fell worked on final details in an office that was as modest as the man himself. An Olympic flag hung from a small pole on one wall. As he talked, he signed the certificates that will be given to the top finishers. Lake Placid's motto for the Games has been "An Olympics in Perspective," and he said he felt that the organizers had lived up to the challenge. The Games would have few of the flashy trimmings of other years, but the facilities for the competition were first-rate. That was the point. "I don't know of any headaches right now," said the man who is the minister of a tiny (91-member) United Methodist Church. "I'm convinced that everything is as well set up as it can be. If we maintain our flexibility, it should function fine."

To be sure, there have been dislocations. Prices rose as the temperature dropped. The bill for a good hotel room —a precious commodity in a town that will bulge with 51,000 people every day for the duration of the Games—has nearly doubled and is running about $98.



90-meter ski jump dwarfs visitors

Re-creating the glories of 1932.

Houses are renting for as much as $50,000 for the month.

With just 5,600 beds available in the Lake Placid area, many spectators will be forced to stay in resorts and cities miles from the slopes. Some will be bused in from as far away as Montreal (110 miles) and Burlington, Vt. (100 miles). A huge traffic tie-up is all but certain on the narrow mountain roads leading into Lake Placid, which has but a single traffic light.

Yet for all the problems, including a nearly total lack of snowfall, the village of Lake Placid is ready for its winter carnival. Unlike some Olympic cities, where carpenters were still sawing and hammering away even as athletes started to arrive, all the Lake Placid venues are prepared and waiting for competition. "It may sound dramatic," one resident said on the eve of the opening ceremonies, "but let the Games begin!"

Security. The Olympic Village for the 1980 Winter Games looks like a prison, and when the athletes leave, that is precisely what it will become. At night, lights on tall poles glare down on the double 12-ft.-high fences. To gain entry, visitors must have proper credentials bearing their photographs and an authorization code. New York State troopers guard the road leading to the village administration building, where more policemen watch over a pair of airport metal detectors and X-ray machines. Specially trained dogs even sniff the luggage of arriving athletes for bombs. Says Britain's Paul Gibbins, a competitor in the biathlon (which combines riflery and cross-country skiing): "Sad to say, but in these times, a prison for Olympic athletes is a good idea."

Memories are still vivid of the 1972 massacre of eleven Israeli athletes and coaches. A total of 750 New York State troopers—almost a quarter of the force —and a small army of FBI agents, Customs and Immigration cops, Border Patrolmen, state forest rangers and Secret Service men provide the protection for Olympic athletes and officials. Foreign secret police are also participating; Soviet KGB officials, for example, have been scouting the arrangements for months.

The FBI has had a special SWAT team training in the mountains since early 1978. The agents tote high-powered rifles, wear white camouflage suits and travel on skis along the trails on Whiteface Mountain, where the alpine events will take place. The sight of the team whooshing across a hillside recalls nothing so much as the winter war in Finland during the Soviet invasion of 1939. Says Fell: "I hope security is not so tight that people won't enjoy themselves."

Despite the guards, the Olympic esprit, arising from the ideal of bringing the youth of the world together, still lives in the Olympic Village. A free game room filled with the latest in pinball machines and electronic games does a brisk business. TILT is an international language. A disco with ear-numbing banks of speak-

Photographs for TIME by OlymPix—Gamma/Liaison

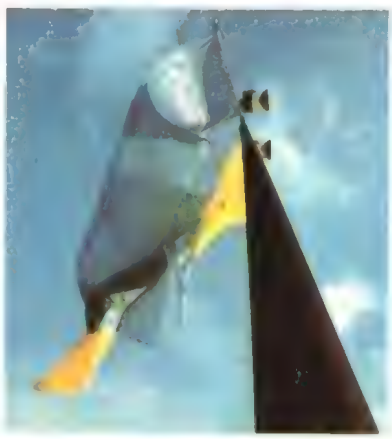
A mountain of man-made snow is carted away to the slopes. Inset: Flake Maker Fahrner. Right: Soviets check into Olympic Village

ers and flashing lights is in full shriek at night. In the main courtyard of the Olympic Village, the flags of the I.O.C., the Lake Placid symbol and the 37 countries represented at the Winter Games, snap in the wind against a winter sky. Below, athletes hurry to practice sessions

For all the suffocating security, the Games remain a unique human experience. Sums up Zhenghua Bao, 14, a figure skater from mainland China, which is attending its first Olympics since 1936: "We have been away from the Olympics for so many years. This is a wonderful opportunity to come and meet all the other young people from around the world."

The Snow Making. All through November, no snow stayed on the ground. All through December, the same. The first week in January, still no snow. The local Roman Catholic bishop sent out a pastoral letter urging parishioners to pray for the stuff. Not a flake that fell survived the warm winter until Jan. 8-9, when a paltry 4 in. fluttered down. But Karl Fahrner, 50, was not worried. Says the man in charge of preparing the alpine courses: "We knew in November that we could make all the snow we needed, make better snow and better courses. So we did it."

A member of the Austrian ski team from 1948 to 1951, Fahrner did it with a crew of 45 workers and a network of pipes and hoses that wound 25 miles up Whiteface Mountain. They sprayed water under pressure to create a fine mist that froze instantly and settled on the slopes. In all, 10½ miles of slopes have been covered to a depth of as much as 15 ft. For skiing, the man-made snow is not only as good as the natural thing; it is better. The crystal structure of man-made snow is denser; it forms smaller flakes that can be packed more solidly and will stand up better to skiing stress. What is more, the precise mixture can be controlled, enabling Fahrner to lay a solid, almost icy base that will defy a thaw, then top it with fluffy powder



Flags flying over the speed-skating rink; room for athletes

Lean and vigorous, Fahrner has taken a mountainside and turned it into a ski racer's snow sculpture. With swarming Caterpillars and snow packers, he has added bumps and rolling terrain to the course, piling up snow here, scraping some away there, molding an ideal racing network. "The skiers will see some things that are quite different than when we had the World Cup races here last year," he says. "The courses are much tougher, much more technical and difficult."

Fahrner broke his back in a ski-lift accident a month before the Olympics, but last week, wearing a brace, he was out on the course, prowling the mountain in a Sno-Cat, shouting into a walkie-talkie over the roar of the diesel engine: "Bob, can we get someone up on Niagara [a stretch of the men's downhill run] to tighten a section of the safety net?" He paused to survey his mountain: "The worst thing that could happen now is for it to snow." If a storm did come, Fahrner would send up scores of workmen on skis to pack down the new snow in order to give the competitors a solid surface

A few miles away, Doug Fletcher watched as scrapers gnawed away at a three-story-high mount of man-made snow, scooping it up for loading into an ever moving

convoy of dump trucks. One week before the Olympic Games were scheduled to open, the final yards of the cross-country courses were being blanketed. For the first time in history, man-made snow was being used for Nordic skiing. In less than a month, Fletcher's crew of 50-plus men, 30 dump trucks and 19 spreading machines had trundled through the woods around Mount Van Hoevenberg and covered a maze of trails 17 miles long with almost a foot of snow.

As the snow slowly crept into the huge stadium where fans will sit to watch the start and finish of cross-country and biathlon events, the taciturn Fletcher smiled. "It was a big job, but we did it." The British biathlon team manager offered a more eloquent summation: "When you think of it, it's a modern miracle. They've made *all* the snow for an Olympic Games."

Spreading the Word. Whatever happens on the slopes and in the rinks, there is certain to be at least one world record broken before the closing ceremonies: more will be written, broadcast and photographed during these Winter Games than during any others in history. More journalists will be in residence—and in competition—at Lake Placid than athletes.

To accommodate newsmen, classes at Lake Placid High School were suspended in late January so that a press center could be installed in its classrooms, auditorium

Beware Zigzag and Shady

"Eighty-one at Zigzag! Eighty-one at Zigzag!" The announcer, alerted by spotters, booms a coded warning over the public address system. Even before his echoing voice has died away, safety and medical personnel sprint into action. A bobsled has crashed on the Lake Placid Olympic run, the longest, fastest, most difficult and dangerous racing course of its kind in the world. Zigzag, an S turn that slams sleds at nearly 70 m.p.h. through two 60° turns in 335 ft., has claimed yet another victim.

Since the bobsled run opened for trial runs in December, there have been 55 crashes along the mile-long course with its high-banked turns, lightning-fast straightaways and narrow chutes. Miraculously, the worst injuries have been only a couple of broken collarbones and one broken ankle. But for all its speed and treachery, the Lake Placid run is a bobsledder's dream. Says Jim Gragg, manager of the bobsled run recreation area: "The drivers have the greatest respect for this run. They know that it's dangerous, but they also know that they can run it very fast."

As speeds increase, the "aperture" (the correct angle of approach into the turns) decreases and drivers of the two- and four-man sleds must steer onto the proper line within a fraction of a second or risk a crash. In one turn, dubbed "Shady," the sleds are whipped through a 150° turn that drops 36 ft. The resulting slingshot effect pushes the sleds up to 75 m.p.h. and subjects their crews to 4.5-G stresses (astronauts experience 5 Gs at blast-off). According to one driver, crewmen have blacked out on the Lake Placid course.

With speeds so high and stresses so intense, bobsledding now requires well-trained athletes, not the hell-for-leather but paunchy types who once populated the sport. Before restrictions in the early '50s, on the combined weight of sled and crew, bobsledders simply loaded their machines with beef, using the extra weight to build momentum. Recalls Nathan Pratt, who daily hand-sculpts the course's corners by shaving ice in one spot or building it up in another: "In the old days, they used to train by drinking gallons of beer. Sometimes I'd have to help the guys into their sleds."

After an accident, the U.S. Navy's four-man sled careens down the course, leaving behind two of the thrown crewmen

No more. With the weight limitations, the start has become all-important; four-hundredths of a second of extra speed through the first 50 meters can become a full second's advantage by the bottom of the run. As a result, today's bobsledders are chosen for being fleet, not fat. None have been more shrewdly picked than Willie Davenport, 36, who won a gold medal in the high hurdles in the 1968 Summer Games. Last fall the bobsledders persuaded him that his speed might help the team. Says Davenport: "Why, the first time I'd ever seen a bobsled was right after Thanksgiving."

Davenport learned so fast that he became a member of the top U.S. sled, as had Jeff Gadley, 24, a former decathlon man. Davenport and Gadley will be the first two American blacks ever to compete in the Winter Olympics. If they win, giving the U.S. its first gold medal in bobsledding since 1948, Davenport will gain a further distinction: he will become only the second man in history to win gold medals in both the Winter and Summer Olympics.*

If Davenport is new to the sport, the American team is not new to the course, and that could prove to be a crucial advantage. While the East Germans, perennial contenders in world bobsledding, constructed a replica of the start at home to practice their getaway, they were unable to reproduce the precise treachery of Zigzag and Shady. Besides, says Gragg: "You can practice the start all you want, but Zigzag and Shady will determine the winner."

They will also determine whether anyone will crack the one-minute barrier for a one-mile run, the sport's equivalent of Roger Bannister breaking the four-minute mile. Says Bob Hickey, driver of America's No. 1 sled: "It can be done on this track, but I don't know that I'd want to be in the sled that does it." The existing world record: 1:01:32.

*Lake Placid's Eddie Eagan won the light-heavyweight boxing title at the 1920 Games in Antwerp, then was a member of the championship bobsled crew in 1932

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What to Watch and When

The Winter Olympics have always produced galvanizing moments in sport: Franz Klammer's kamikaze downhill run at Innsbruck in 1976, when he beat not only his competitors but a challenging mountain with his will to win; Peggy Fleming's fluid elegance in the 1968 figure-skating finals in Grenoble; Jean-Claude Killy's domination of the slopes in the same Games as he won all three alpine gold medals for *la gloire de France*. Before the events at Lake Placid draw to a close on Sunday, Feb. 24, they will have created moments of pure gold. Key events to watch on ABC television (all times E.S.T.; check local listings):

Opening ceremonies, Wednesday, Feb. 13, 2:30-4:30 p.m.: For lovers of panoply, the parade of athletes from 37 nations and the lighting of the Olympic flame are traditions that never lose their splendor.

Thursday, Feb. 14, 9-10:30 p.m.: The men's downhill, a 70-m.p.h. drop on Whiteface Mountain, is likely to be decided by a few hundredths of a second after a long day's racing. The downhill usually produces the Winter Games' biggest thrills and most spectacular spills. The favorites: Liechtenstein's Andreas Wenzel and Canada's Ken Read. Top U.S. challenger: Phil Mahre, 22, now recovered from a badly broken right ankle. At 11:30-11:45 p.m. comes cross-country skiing. Bill Koch, first American to win a medal in the event—a silver in 1976—will try again for glory.

Friday, Feb. 15, 8-11 p.m.: Eric Heiden, 21, starts his campaign to become the first man to win all five speed-skating gold medals as he competes in the 500-meter sprint. In the women's 500, Eric's sister Beth, 19, leads an American bid to sweep all three medals. In the pairs' figure skating, America's Tai Babilonia, 19, and Randy Gardner, 20, open their duel with the Soviets' husband-and-wife team of Irina Rodnina, 30, and Alexander Zaitsev, 27, in the "short program," which lasts two minutes or less and involves set routines. The most unforgiving event of the pairs' competition, the test could give an advance indication of who will win the gold.

Saturday, Feb. 16, 9-11 p.m.: Eric Heiden tackles the 5,000-meter endurance grind.

Sunday, Feb. 17, 7-11 p.m.: The Soviet-U.S. showdown in the figure-skating pairs concludes with the free-skating program that should be one of the Games' most exciting and widely viewed events. Watch for the Americans to start spectacularly as Gardner lifts Babilonia and sends her spinning to land 20 ft. away. Watch also for the highflying lifts that the Zaitsevs have added to their routine in an attempt to match the young Americans' grace. Ski jumpers, including America's Jim Denny, provide an exhibition in soaring madness. In the women's downhill, from 1-3:30 p.m., America's Cindy Nelson, 23, will ski her last Olympic race matched against such formidable opponents as Liechtenstein's Hanni Wenzel (sister of Andreas) and Austria's Annemarie Moser-Pröll.

Tuesday, Feb. 19, 8-11 p.m.: The giant slalom presents the finest male skier in the world: Sweden's Ingemar Stenmark, 23, who dissects mountains with the cool aplomb of a heart surgeon. Stenmark's top rivals: Yugoslavia's Bozan Krizaj, Liechtenstein's Wenzel and the game Mahre, whom Killy calls "a first-rate athlete." At 11:30-11:45 p.m., Eric Heiden tries for gold in the 1,000 meters.

Wednesday, Feb. 20, 9-11 p.m.: Yet another chapter in the saga of the Heiden family: Beth skates in the 3,000 meters. In the women's giant slalom, Liechtenstein's Hanni Wenzel is the one to catch.

Thursday, Feb. 21, 8-11 p.m.: Men's figure skating reaches balletic heights in the free-skating competition. America's Charlie Tickner, 26, a former world champion and a stylish and explosive performer, takes on Britain's Robin Cousins, Europe's titleholder; East Germany's Jan Hoffmann and the Soviets' Vladimir Kovalev, the current world champion. Says Cousins of the showdown: "It depends upon who makes the mistakes under pressure." Eric Heiden skates in the 1,500 meters.

Saturday, Feb. 23, 8-11 p.m.: The women's free-skating program, the most lovely and ethereal of all the figure-skating events, is one of the few competitions to be shown live. Look for an everything-goes performance from America's Linda Fratianne, 19, the world champion. Earlier, Eric Heiden skates in his final event: the 10,000-meter backbreaker.

Sunday, Feb. 24, 11 a.m.-1:30 p.m.: The ice hockey finals should offer a look at the Soviet squad that warms up for the Olympics by whipping National Hockey League all-star teams. With a lot of luck, the young and feisty U.S. squad could find itself facing off against the Soviets. At 2:30-5 p.m., the finals of the four-man bobsled pair the world's best racers and the world's fastest, toughest course in duels of icy nerve at speeds of up to 95 m.p.h. A fortnight of competition concludes (7 p.m.-10:30 p.m.) with ceremonies marking the end of the 13th Winter Olympiad.

and gymnasium. Computer terminals will provide biographical information around the clock on every athlete competing in the Games.

But all this pales in comparison with the television facilities. ABC has spent $25 million to produce the Games, scattering 109 cameras throughout the venues. Total value of equipment in use: $70 million. The most complex operation will provide top of the mountain to finish-line coverage of alpine skiing. For that task alone, nearly 50 miles of cable were laid to connect 25 cameras on Whiteface Mountain—then patched up when the local wildlife, including a foraging bear, started to nibble on the lines. Getting all the electronic gadgetry installed was no snap. Says Marvin Bader, ABC sports director of special projects: "It's a small town. There's one hardware store, one lumberyard, and for electronics, you've got Radio Shack."

As preparations went ahead for the Games, there were some fusses offstage.

ABC helicopter preparing to cover the Games

A bear kept sinking his teeth into the story.

The Soviet athletes arrived at the Olympic Village, took one look at their quarters, and pronounced themselves horrified. A spokesman declared that the facility was "unlivable and unsanitary," and altogether too suggestive of the prison it will become.

Meanwhile, the team from Taiwan was fighting in the courts for the right to use its own flag and anthem, a right denied by the International Olympic Committee when it voted to accept the team from mainland China. On another front, I.O.C. began considering the request from the U.S. Olympic committee, made at the behest of President Carter after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, to cancel, postpone or move to another site the Summer Olympics scheduled for Moscow.

While the officials and the lawyers wrangled, the athletes swarmed into the Adirondack village that had the gumption to become the host for the Games. Far up on Whiteface Mountain, growling Sno-Cats groomed the courses that will test the finest skiers in the world, while speed skaters glided across a shining oval of ice in front of Lake Placid High School. It could be—it should be—a glorious Winter Olympics. ■

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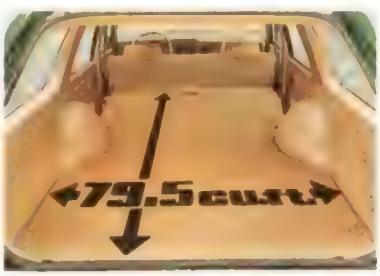

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Truth and Consequences

The wit, wisdom and rude shocks of game shows

Game shows are one of the embarrassing little secrets in American Pop culture. Even confessed TV addicts do not readily admit that they watch the games: it would be more respectable to concede a passion for *The Misadventures of Sheriff Lobo* than *The New High Rollers*. But the games survive. Not only do they outlast their critics, but they also outlive scandals, inflation and the dye jobs on their M.C.s' hair. Currently there are 30 hours of game shows on the networks' weekly daytime schedules, not to mention the countless hours of syndicated games broadcast in the early evening. Someone must be watching—and why not? Except for news, sports events and the *Tonight* show, game shows are just about the only examples of pure, spontaneous television left on the air. As Monty Hall says in Maxene Fabe's definitive new history, *TV Game Shows!* (Doubleday/Dolphin; $8.95), "You can learn more about America by watching one half-hour of *Let's Make a Deal* than you can by watching Walter Cronkite for an entire month." Of course, what you learn is not always good news.

To get the most out of game shows, one must be perversely fascinated by the sleazy minutiae of show business and highly tolerant of vulgarity. There is no longer any point in watching games to learn obscure historical facts or to see poor folks become fabulously wealthy overnight. Big money went out with Charles Van Doren and the scandals of the '50s; there has not been a game that really tested one's knowledge since Art Fleming's *Jeopardy!*, a cult favorite, was canceled by NBC in 1975. Aside from two skill-testing parlor games, *Family Feud* and *The $20,000 Pyramid*, all the current shows celebrate the theater of cruelty and the entertainment values of Las Vegas. Masochistic contestants meet fourth-rate Hollywood celebrities in a neon-lit orgy of product plugola, group hysteria and psychological mayhem.

The most famous of the grotesque games come from the fevered imagination of Chuck Barris. Beginning with *The Dating Game* (1965) and continuing through *The Newlywed Game*, *The Gong Show* and *The $1.98 Beauty Contest*, he has made a habit of finding contestants who willingly expose their sad sexual inadequacies, their inept performing skills and their physical homeliness to a nationwide audience. In Barris' latest and grossest gem, *Three's a Crowd* (which might well be titled *The Divorce Game*), wives and secretaries compete to see who knows the most intimate details about the man whom they share. The trouble with Barris' shows, at least from the point of view of a games connoisseur, is their self-consciousness. The bad taste is too rehearsed; Barris winks at his own jokes. Worse, the contestants expect humiliation, indeed court it, and therefore feel pleasure rather than pain when they are made to look ridiculous. That is why Barris' series lack the lifelike excitement of true games: they are really preprogrammed sitcoms.

Far better are the shows whose absurdity is a byproduct of seemingly innocent good intentions. Some of these are legendary. In NBC's *The Diamond Head Game* (1975), set on a Waikiki beach, contestants entered an isolation booth in a papier-mâché volcano and dived for greenbacks that "erupted" from below. In ABC's *Money Maze* (1974), wives ran around, like rats in a huge labyrinth, after cash and merchandise. *The Neighbors*, chaired briefly by Regis Philbin in 1975, pitted actual neighbors against each other in the effort to discover who exhibited the most shabby behavior back home. Other outrageous games have been fronted by some of television's most esteemed personalities. Mike Wallace, who once investigated games on *60 Minutes*, was the host of *Who Pays?* in 1959: on that show, players had to match butlers, chauffeurs and maids with their celebrity employers. David Susskind prefigured

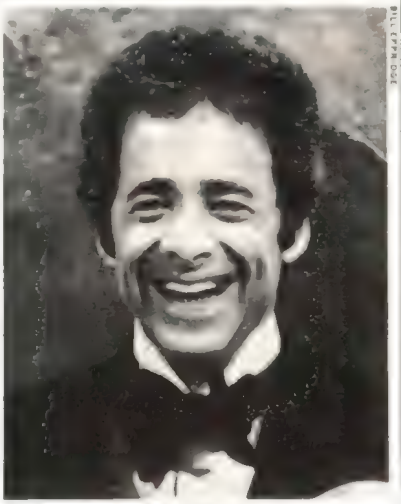
Celebrity guests search for laughs on *Hollywood Squares* (top); contestants look for money on *The $20,000 Pyramid* and *Family Feud*

A grazing ground for Borscht Belt comics, a video black hole full of fame's has-beens and never-weres

Television

Chuck Barris with *Supermarket Sweep* (1965), in which housewives raced down the aisles of a grocery store trying to stuff a cart with goodies. Mark Goodson and the late Bill Todman, usually the classiest of games producers (*What's My Line?*), are responsible for *The New Price Is Right*, the most frantic of current shows.

These days, however, some of the most bizarre games are those that feature stars rather than ordinary housewives. The trend solidified when the long-running *Hollywood Squares* first hit it big in 1966, thus inspiring a score of imitation shows built around show-business players. Unfortunately, there are not enough celebrities to go around; for some reason, big names like Redford and Streisand have not yet been persuaded to play *Password Plus*. To counteract this talent shortage, producers have created their own stars—often with unintentionally hilarious results. Game shows are often a grazing ground for feeble Borscht Belt comics and the depressed lead actors of canceled prime-time series. When these forgotten celebrities are not to be found, "stars" are literally created overnight. On *The Match Game*, Host Gene Rayburn always treats Player Brett Somers as if she were the toast of Beverly Hills—but had anyone ever heard of her before she did games? Carol Wayne has been doing a dumb blond (or, lately, dumb brunet) act for years on game shows, apparently on the premise that viewers might confuse her with Jayne Mansfield. Alex Trebek turns up on *Hollywood Squares*, even though his only claim to celebrityhood comes from serving as host on other game shows. Since the other squares are at times occupied by the likes of Vince Edwards, the Hudson brothers, the Gabor sisters and Margaret Truman, the viewer often feels as if he has stumbled into a video black hole full of fame's has-beens and never-weres.



Gong Show Host Chuck Barris
The bad taste is too rehearsed.

Game shows are not always merry. Like all chronicles of life's vicissitudes, they sometimes must confront death (though not always: Larry Blyden continued to appear on pretaped half-hours of *What's My Line?* for months after he died). Indeed, there are few TV spectacles more gripping than the dying throes of a game. A current example is CBS's *Whew!*, which is showing all the signs of imminent demise: in the past few weeks, this show has altered its rules, retitled itself *Celebrity Whew!* (among the first celebrities: Carol Wayne), and lost five minutes of its air time to the CBS *Midmorning News*. Such radical surgery, by TV standards, is as desperate as a Laetrile cure. Even so, *Whew!* is not suffering as much pain as NBC's *Celebrity Sweepstakes* did three seasons ago. When that show's ratings slipped, the celebrities were suddenly deprived of their scripted gags and forced to give actual replies to real quiz questions. As Carol Wayne, Joey Bishop and the other panelists deliberated over weighty subjects, *Celebrity Sweepstakes* trailed off into ghostly stretches of silence. No doubt NBC was mortified, but for viewers it was the eeriest TV drama since *The Twilight Zone*. — **Frank Rich**

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Arms and the Young Man

AND NO BIRDS SANG *by Farley Mowat; Atlantic–Little, Brown; 219 pp.; $10.95*

Farley Mowat is a small, bearded Canadian who writes with a certain bitter charm about the thoughtless destruction of the Far North and its native inhabitants. He has a passion for permafrost, Eskimos, whales, seals and wolves. He has lived a chapped and manly life in rural Ontario, on the Keewatin Barren Lands and in balky old boats off Newfoundland.

And No Birds Sang goes a long way to explain why Mowat chose the unpaved road. The book, his 21st, is a memoir of scorching experiences as a combat officer during World War II. It is Mowat's finest work, an autobiography in which a painful past emerges after many years with the figurative power of fiction.

War, of course, is the great deflowerer of youth, and Mowat begins his story on a familiar note of innocence: "On the second day of September, 1939, I was painting the porch of our clapboard house in the rural Ontario town of Richmond Hill when my father pulled into the driveway at the helm of his red convertible . . . 'Farley, my lad, there's bloody big news! *The war is on!*' "

Despite a rag-doll arm, caused by German bullets in World War I, the elder Mowat is eager to get back into his army unit, the Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment. Baby-faced Farley is eventually commissioned in the "Hasty Pees" after the air force rejects him for being four pounds underweight. There are the usual training shenanigans, reminiscent of Evelyn Waugh's *Men at Arms*, and the inevitable cockiness that precedes the regiment's first bloodying. That occurs during the amphibious landing in Sicily, part of the Allies' first massive invasion of Europe in 1943. Taking the island is costly but only a down payment on the rest of the Italian campaign.

Ironically, a warning comes from a dead German paratrooper. Emptying the enemy's pockets, Mowat finds an unmailed letter: "I don't expect to see Hanna and the children this year. The Führer has ordered us to hold Rome at all costs. This shouldn't be too hard if you have any idea of the kind of country here. It is made for defense and the Tommies will have to chew their way through us inch by inch, and we will surely make hard chewing for them."

Military historians have spilled much ink on the difficulties of pushing the German army out of Italy. Mowat writes sparely and in the blood of his friends. They fall by the score while crossing exposed rivers and valleys, and stumble upward to their deaths during assaults on heavily fortified mountaintops. Spandaus and Schmeissers perforate them; eighty-eights and "Moaning Minnies" dismember them. The term "enfilading fire" recurs. It means that the enemy can spray shells and bullets up and down one's position as if he were watering a garden.

As an intelligence officer, Mowat is particularly vulnerable when he delivers messages and undertakes reconnaissances. In addition, he must frequently accompany a commanding officer who enjoys walking upright in the steel rain. Mowat is lucky: a burst aimed at his back is deflected by a knapsack full of canned bully beef; shells land where he has just been or where he has been delayed in going; a searing fragment cuts his boot in half but leaves him barely scratched.

Fear succeeds where the Germans do not. One of the myths of battle is that the tempered veteran loses his fear. In Mowat's case, the "Worm That Never Dies" grows stronger with each new holocaust. The change can be read in his progressive perceptions of death. An early casualty seems almost comic, "marching blindly to Valhalla" off a landing barge into a geyser of exploding water. A hard eye and grim taste for simile take over in a description of a dying German truck driver, "hiccuping great gouts of cherry-pink foam . . . to the accompaniment of a sound like a slush pump." Still later, Mowat sees with surreal detachment the upper body of a man falling slowly backward

Farley Mowat with the "Hasty Pees," 1944

Mowat at home in Port Hope, Canada

Excerpt

"Those who remained under sustained and unremitting fire could partially armor themselves with the apathy of the half-dead; but those who had to come and go . . . those were the ones who paid the heaviest price.

On the last night of our ordeal I was descending the north slope, numbed and passionless, drugged with fatigue, dead on my feet, when I heard someone singing! It was a rough voice, husky yet powerful. A cluster of mortar bombs came crashing down and I threw myself into the mud. When I could hear again, the first sound that came to me was the singing voice. Cautiously I raised myself just as a star shell burst overhead, and saw him coming toward me through that blasted wasteland.

Stark naked, he was striding through the cordite stench with his head held high and his arms swinging. His body shone white in the brilliant light of the flare, except for what appeared to be a glistening crimson sash that ran from one shoulder down one thigh and dripped from his lifted foot.

He was singing *Home on the Range* at the top of his lungs.

The Worm That Never Dies had taken him."

while his legs and trunk remain standing.

By the time Mowat seeks temporary shelter in a blasted hut, and shares his rum with a dying German who got there first, the author is disarmed of illusion and no longer fit to wage war. In a letter to an unnamed intimate, he writes, "I wish I could explain the desperate sense of isolation, of not belonging to my own past, of being adrift in some kind of alien space." It is the unresolved anger of a soldier whose arms, legs, eyes and genitals are constantly threatened with mutilation.

The question remains: What took Mowat 35 years to write and publish this book? In an "Anti-Epilogue" that he says was written only at the insistence of his publisher, the author hurriedly speaks of old agonies, the balm of forgetfulness, and of his conviction that all wars are futile and immoral. There is even the ritual reference to what Wilfred Owen called the old Lie: *"Dulce et decorum est/ Pro patria mori"*— how sweet and beautiful it is to die for one's country.

Mowat was right. The statements are superfluous. *And No Birds Sang* needs no rhetoric. It can fall in with the best memoirs of World War II, a classic example of how unexploded emotions can be artfully defused. — **R.Z. Sheppard**

Flower Child

PRINCESS DAISY
by Judith Krantz
Crown; 464 pages; $12.95

Memo to the Books Editor:

Finished reading Judith Krantz's new novel under a rented hair dryer, as you suggested, got a bad case of the frizzies but not the answer to the big question: Why did Bantam Books shell out a record $3.2 million for the paperback rights? That may not be much by Hollywood standards, but in publishing, it is long, long bread any way you slice it. It is enough to give a dollar bill to every man, woman and child in New Zealand, with change left over to pay a major league utility infielder for a year. Put it another way. If you placed $3.2 million end to end, they would stretch 318 miles, or roughly the distance between Toledo and Louisville. Or, say, you wanted to paper over eight acres in Treasury green . . .

Sure, Krantz's first novel, *Scruples*, sold millions of paperbacks, but it had lots of fashionable people performing unfashionable sex. This one is different. The daughter of a real White Russian prince, Princess Daisy Valensky is half raped, half seduced by her half brother on page 151. Once she puts a stop to *that* nonsense, she gets choosy and stays that way until page 297. What goes on in between (and after too) is chiefly . . . the making of TV commercials. Daisy helps produce them. She became a working princess because she absent-mindedly forgot to take her $10 million inheritance out of Rolls-Royce stock before the company went under.

She is good at her job though, and helps create "thirty or sixty seconds of the finest commercials ever made." Later, she moves in front of the camera, with a whole line of cosmetics exploiting her title and beauty. Can Daisy find fulfillment as a trademark?

This simply cannot be all there is to it, chief. The folks at Bantam did not pay all that money just to make Judith Krantz happy. They know something, and we should ferret it out. Suggestion: Why not send the reviewer off on an expense-account tour of some of the glamorous locales in the novel? To Venice, for instance, a room at the Gritti Palace, drinks and long languorous meals at Harry's Bar. The secret of this book may rest right there. Look how this magical place affects the heroine: "Venice inspired her to meet its fantasy with her own, to finally wear the Norman Hartnell dress designed during the last years of the twenties . . ." From Venice, perhaps, off to tour the castles of England and then, come spring, to the hunt country of Virginia.

Rubbing elbows with the very rich also seems essential. They *are* different, especially in this book. They are called things like Topsy and Bootsie and Kiki. Folks around the office just *have* faces, but Vanessa "wore her long nose as if it were the mark of royal birth." Time must be spent learning to understand their odd way of bantering: "Daisy Valensky, you have the makings of a first-class bitch somewhere inside that glorious exterior." The untrained ear probably misses all kinds of nuances there. What to make of Daisy's typical dialogue: "Pants? What about your good black crepe Holly Harp pants?" Clearly, the only way to see Daisy as something other than a simp is to plunge recklessly, "fast as a leopard . . . passionate as a puma," into her world.

This plan involves some sacrifices, to be sure: long periods away from the desk, jet lag, missing February in New York City. But journalistic fairness requires it. No expense should be spared to uncover what is buried under all this flapdoodle. Why not, say, $32,000 for the first leg of research in Venice? Can start packing at once. Eagerly awaiting your reply . . . — **Paul Gray**

Judith Krantz
Can Daisy find fulfillment as a trademark?

Editors' Choice

FICTION: A Married Man, *Piers Paul Read* • Old Love, *Isaac Bashevis Singer* • On the Edge of the Cliff, *V.S. Pritchett* • Shikasta, *Doris Lessing* • Smiley's People, *John le Carré* • The Beginning Place, *Ursula K. Le Guin* • Yellowfish, *John Keeble*

NONFICTION: Fin-de-Siècle Vienna, *Carl E. Schorske* • My Many Years, *Arthur Rubinstein* • Self Portrait with Friends: The Selected Diaries of Cecil Beaton, *edited by Richard Buckle* • Show People, *Kenneth Tynan* • The Falcon and the Snowman, *Robert Lindsey* • The Right Stuff, *Tom Wolfe* • White House Years, *Henry Kissinger*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Smiley's People, *Le Carré (1 last week)*
2. The Devil's Alternative, *Forsyth (7)*
3. Princess Daisy, *Krantz (4)*
4. Memories of Another Day, *Robbins (2)*
5. Jailbird, *Vonnegut (3)*
6. Triple, *Follett (5)*
7. The Executioner's Song, *Mailer (6)*
8. The Establishment, *Fast (9)*
9. The Last Enchantment, *Stewart (10)*
10. Portraits, *Freeman*

NONFICTION

1. The Brethren, *Woodward & Armstrong (1)*
2. Aunt Erma's Cope Book, *Bombeck (2)*
3. White House Years, *Kissinger (3)*
4. On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors, *Wright (6)*
5. The Right Stuff, *Wolfe (8)*
6. The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise, *Pritikin with McGrady (9)*
7. Serpentine, *Thompson (5)*
8. James Herriot's Yorkshire, *Herriot (4)*
9. Anatomy of an Illness as Perceived by the Patient, *Cousins*
10. The Windsor Story, *Bryan & Murphy*

DAVID REED

Judy Buxton as Iphigenia and John Shrapnel as Agamemnon in *Iphigenia in Aulis*

Olympus on the Thames

THE GREEKS *Adapted by John Barton and Kenneth Cavander*
Directed by John Barton

We always return to Greece because it fulfills some need of our own life . . . Other nations made gods, kings, spirits: the Greeks alone made men.

—Werner Jaeger, *Paideia: The Ideals of Greek Culture*

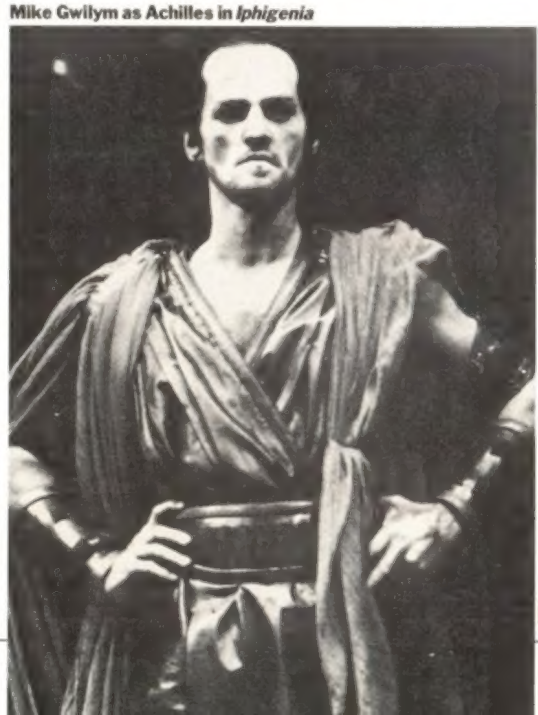
London's Royal Shakespeare Company has returned to the Greeks in a three-night marathon cycle of ten plays derived from Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides (seven of the ten) and a dramatization by John Barton of a segment of Homer. The cycle is presented as a trilogy: "The War," "The Murders" and "The Gods." Its purpose: to show the turbulent destiny of the doomed House of Atreus in chronological order. Barton, master builder of this endeavor, likes to work on the grand scale. In previous years he was celebrated for The Wars of the Roses, a panorama adapted from Shakespeare's dramas. Here he presents the antecedents, history and consequences of the Trojan War. His actors perform in and out of the chorus and move easily from one major role to another in the epic series. Barton, 51, has made the classic treasures of Western drama accessible to modern playgoers by using straightforward, idiomatic English and concentrating on the endlessly probing light of the Greek mind as the essence of our civilized heritage.

We are in a misty dawn of antiquity when we first see the chorus of high-spirited young women on the stage of the Royal Shakespeare Company's Aldwych Theater. They are prompting one another on the ancient myths, the way children count on their fingers. It sets the conversational tone of this dramatic cycle and evokes a time when people felt themselves to be not only the prey and pawns of the gods but their intimates as well.

The naked, sun-baked disc of a stage, designed by John Napier, is shaped like an inverted shield. The prophet Calchas has told King Agamemnon that the thousand ships becalmed in the harbor at Aulis will receive no favoring wind to retrieve Helen and ravage Troy unless he makes a blood sacrifice of his daughter Iphigenia. With passive fatalism, Agamemnon sends a duplicitous letter to his wife Clytemnestra asking her to bring Iphigenia to Aulis on the pretext that she is to be given in marriage to Achilles, supreme hero-in-arms.

But when a much perturbed Agamemnon (John Shrapnel) first appears onstage, he has changed his mind. He hands his messenger a second letter telling his wife not to leave the palace at Mycenae. Agamemnon's brother and Helen's husband, Menelaus (Tony Church), waylays the messenger and rails at Agamemnon for his vacillating disloyalty to Greece. Achilles (Mike Gwilym) warns that the troops are restive and mutinous after the long delay. Affected by his brother's torment, Menelaus suddenly shifts his adamant position and suggests giving up the entire expedition to Troy. But the fates have decreed otherwise; Iphigenia (Judy Buxton) and Clytemnestra (Janet Suzman) have arrived.

Mike Gwilym as Achilles in *Iphigenia*



DAVID REED

All Greek tragedies move through pitch points of passion, moments when men look into the abyss of self-revelation. In Euripides' *Iphigenia in Aulis,* which begins this cycle, there are three pitch points. The first comes as Agamemnon reasons with his daughter about the need for her death. Shrapnel sensitively conveys the deep inner anguish of a man torn between duty to his country and love for his child. As Clytemnestra, Suzman moves through a parabola of feelings, marking her again as one of the finest actresses on the English-speaking stage. And as Buxton reaches the heartbreaking conclusion that the one life she has to give for Hellas is the noblest life to have lived, she radiates a great and unforgettable purity of spirit. The final scene in this segment is a visual stunner. The rising wind whips the garment about Clytemnestra's knees. Alone, burnt-eyed, she raises an arm as she watches the Greek fleet under full sail, a Botticelli Venus transformed into the *mater dolorosa.*

For chronological reasons, Barton had to supply the second play in "The War" himself. He has culled it from Homer and called it *Achilles.* Considering the audacity of the work, the result is exemplary. Achilles is played with sullen vanity by Gwilym, and as his mother Thetis, Annie Lambert manages to suggest both a divine sea nymph and a contemporary cocktail-party hostess who, when asked about her mating with a mortal, Peleus, remembers the moment as "brief, hot and sandy."

When the wily Odysseus (Church), he whom Homer called "the man of many devices," thinks up the ruse of the Trojan horse, Troy falls. In *Trojan Women* by Euripides, the women are to be parceled out among the victors. Queen Hecuba (Eliza Ward) leads the women in a keening catalogue of woe: she has lost her husband Priam, her son Hector, and will eventually lose all of her children.

At this point, it is worth noting the three basic speech patterns of Greek tragedy. Hecuba embarks on a lamentation that might be called the first language of the Middle East, stretching around the Mediterranean crescent from the Wailing Wall of Jerusalem to the mel-

ancholy, snakelike flutes of the Casbah. The second mode is anathema, the curse absolute. The third is the speech of self-absolution. Protagonists in Greek plays never blame themselves for their actions. Either the gods made them do it, or their enemies are culpable or they are the victims of *tyche:* luck or blind chance.

As Hecuba plays the blame game, Helen, "the whore of Troy," is responsible for everything. Helen (Suzman) appears, as haughty as an international star. She seems to regard the Trojan War as her biggest hit ever. Menelaus is ready to butcher her for adultery, but he is so afraid of Helen's siren sway that he does not look at her. Silkily, she makes her excuse. She was in the power of Aphrodite—her will was not her own. Menelaus' meat-cleaver hand drops, Helen sashays away, whistling in sultry triumph.

The true pitch point of *Trojan Women* involves Hector's widow, Andromache (Billie Whitelaw) and her toddler son. Odysseus has convinced the Greeks that if the child grows to manhood, he may lead Troy in another war against the Greeks. He must be torn from his mother's skirts and dashed to death from the city's topless towers. One of the most wrenching scenes in all of Greek tragedy is shatteringly performed by Whitelaw when her little boy is taken and returned as a tiny corpse in the shell of Hector's shield.

This is the gory part of the epic: blood lust and revenge couched in the name of justice. Polymestor (Oliver Ford Davies) is an erstwhile friend of Troy to whom King Priam and Queen Hecuba sent their youngest son, Polydorus, for safekeeping —along with a stock of gold. But in Greek tragedy, today's friend is tomorrow's fiend.

As soon as he knew that Troy had fallen, Polymestor murdered the boy and took the gold. Unknown to him, the sea-rotted corpse has drifted to shore and is dumped before Hecuba's gaze. She is past weeping by now. She wants the gift of death, surcease from all sorrow. But she has a priority: vengeance. Before the final curtain, Polymestor lurches forward on all fours, his eye sockets craters of streaming blood. He utters the primal howl that punctuates these plays. It is the moment when all reason has toppled and the dogs of fate rend man with total indifference. In Shakespeare's words, "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods; They kill us for their sport." And the sport has not finished.

Preceded by fanfare, Agamemnon's chariot is drawn to a halt before the door of his palace. He is the happiest of men, or so he thinks. The chorus of crones, clad in ominous black, knows better: Clytemnestra has taken a lover, Aegisthus (Peter Woodward), who now rules the land as a tyrant. He is intimately linked to the origin of the curse on the House of Atreus. All too soon the cries of horror sound as if from some echo chamber in hell. The fates are inexorable: the bodies of Agamemnon and Cassandra are eventually hurled onto the stage like the carcasses of animals, and Clytemnestra emerges spattered with blood. As she drapes Cassandra's arm over Agamemnon's shoulder, one wonders whether she murdered him for sacrificing their daughter or for bringing his concubine home.

DAVID REED

Janet Suzman as Clytemnestra

The Greeks possessed no Doll's Houses.

Electra completes this portion of the cycle. It begins as a long threnody by Electra (Lynn Dearth). Stoking a cauldron of hatred toward her mother Clytemnestra, Dearth is a cauldron herself; if she continues at this level of passion, she cannot fail to be a top actress of this decade.

Electra's brother Orestes (Gwilym) comes home as a stranger. After the famed "recognition" scene, Electra embraces him with incestuous ardor. Modern audiences can easily comprehend Freud's comment that he had merely systematized what the Greek poets had known all along: the slaying of the parent remains a ritual whose power to chill has lost nothing in 2,500 years.

Part 3 of the cycle, in tone and text the work of Euripides, is almost anticlimactic, partly because of the caliber of the plays and partly because of the treatment.

As here constituted, *Helen* is almost only an amusing cartoon skit. The curtain rises on an Egyptian sarcophagus, and, lolling on top of it, dressed in little more than a beach towel, is the *real* Helen, seemingly on a summer holiday. Euripides' caustic irony is that a mirror image of Helen went with Paris to Troy. Thousands upon thousands of Greeks and Trojans have suffered and died in a ten-year war for this saucy mirage. *Orestes* is even more anachronistic when Electra appears toting a submachine gun, rather like the photograph of Patty Hearst as Tania. In "The Gods" plays, Barton accelerates the tempo of the tragedies and elides parts of the stories, after somewhat reducing their gravity. Moreover, pro-feminist sentiments are catered to by rendering certain lines as if in oral italics. That is surely an error, since the women in Greek tragedy are the strongest feminine figures in all of dramatic literature. The race that bred Medea and Antigone possessed no Doll's Houses.

Lynn Dearth in the Royal Shakespeare Company's *Electra*

BELO

Any enterprise of this magnitude must have flaws, but in this case the virtues formidably outweigh them. While the Greeks had no word for sin, this is indeed a grand parable of sin, grace and redemption, which very nearly produces catharsis in the classic sense. With the aid of towering performances and stark sets, plus the ensemble work of the Royal Shakespeare troupe, John Barton has elucidated the meaning of the Greek texts, evoking the ideals that animated them. A special citation should be awarded to Nick Bicât for his inestimably evocative music. Taverna-like, elegiac, militant, his melodies evoke the epoch when Attica was vernal and bore something more than gnarled olive trees.

To Barton must belong the final honors. He has brought us the Greeks' greatest gifts and restored the original titans of drama to our petty stages. May Zeus smile on him.

— ***T.E. Kalem***

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